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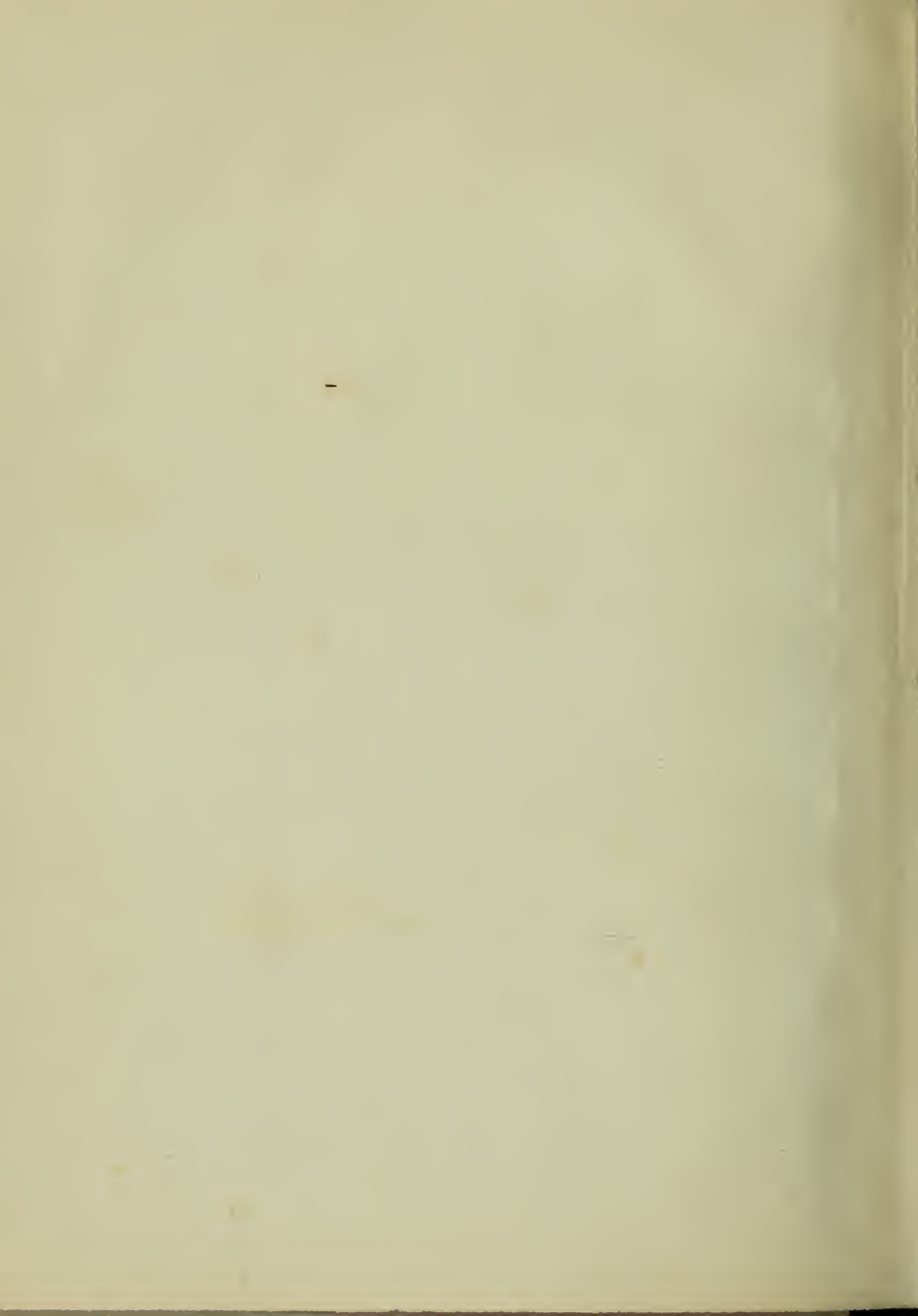
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# THE DAILY PAPER.

Edited by W. T. STEAD.

VOL. I.]

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1893.

[No. 1.

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OF	
ALL	
WHO LOVE,	
IN	
THE	
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EDITORIAL OFFICE:

MOWBRAY HOUSE, NORFOLK STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ONE PENNY.

## BUSINESS AND PLEASURE: DIARY FOR TO-DAY.

- A.M.** *Barometer* (observations taken at 1.0 a.m.), 29.20in. Temperature 47°.
- Weather Forecast:* England, S. (London and Channel), westerly winds, some showers. Warnings, none issued
- 2.0.—*Covent Garden Market* opens (Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays).
- 4.0.—*Billingsgate Fish Market* opens.
- 6.8.—*Sun rises.*
- High Water at London Bridge.* Morning, 8 h. 11 m. Afternoon, 10 h. 42 m

### LAW NOTICES

#### HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

- 10.15.—Before Mr. Justice Kennedy (as Vacation Judge). 44 cases, 16 of which stand over from previous weeks.
- In Queen's Bench Court III.*—10.15. Chamber Summonses. Re Scott Jervis's Estate; Re Birmingham Restaurant, etc., Co., etc.
- 10.30.—*In Queen's Bench Court II.*—For Judgment: Re Titus Salt, Sons and Co. (Limited); Bilsberry v. Harvey; Re Elmore's Foreign and Colonial Patent Copper Depositing Co. (Limited); Re Land Company of Australasia. Motion (upon notice given 4th October): Fink v. Bray and Skelly; Re Crawford v. British South Africa Company, etc.
- 11.0.—*Bankruptcy.*—Queen's Bench Division. At Bankruptcy Buildings, Carey St., Lincoln's Inn. Before Mr. Registrar Giffard. Room 36. Adjudged Applications: T. S. King at 11.0. Six Petitions, 11.0. Five Petitions, 12.0. One Petition, 12.30. Adjudged Private Sitting, H. R. Mark, 12.30.
- 11.0.—*Meetings of Creditors.*—(Same address). Before Official Receivers, 1st Meeting: F. C. Moore, 11.0. A. A. Smith, 11.0. R. Nunnerly, 12.0. Hudson and Jackson, 12.0. G. O. Camroux, 12.0. T. Sanders, 1.0. General Meeting: F. T. Pollok, 1.0.
- 11.0.—*County Courts* (Metropolitan) Westminster—Bloomsbury—Bow—City of London.
- City of London Sessions: Sir P. H. Edlin, Clerkenwell

### P.M. SALES BY AUCTION.

- 12.30.—Stevens, J. C.: Bulbs from Holland, lilioms, border plants, etc., 33, King Street, Covent Garden.
- 1.50.—Porter and Watt: Furniture and effects. Also stock of carpets, linoleums, blankets, etc. (2nd day); and at Oxford Street at 1.0.
- 1.0.—Chambers and Newton: Furniture and effects (2nd day), 150, Cromwell Road, South Kensington.
- 1.0.—Miles, M.: Leases and Goodwill of Palace Hotel, Hastings; household furniture, trade fixtures, etc., at Mason's Hall, Basinghall Street.
- 2.0.—Drew and Sons: Freeholds, copyholds, and leaseholds; Richmond, Kew, Ashford, Hammersmith, and Pimlico, at Mart.
- 2.0.—Osborn and Mercer: Leaseholds, four residences, W. Kensington, at Mart.
- 2.0.—Fox, E., and Bousfield: leasehold warehouse, and stocks and shares, at Mart.

### COMPANY MEETINGS.

- 12.0.—British Maritime Mortgage Trust: Cannon Street Hotel.
- 12.0.—Odam's Manure and Chemical: 116, Fenchurch Street.
- 12.0.—Petroleum Engine: 23, Queen Victoria Street.
- 1.0.—H. Spicer and Co.: Farringdon Street.
- 2.30.—Waibi Gold Mining: 11, Abchurch Lane.
- 3.0.—South American and Mexican Shareholders Association: Winchester House.
- 5.0.—Scottish Corporation: General Court of Governors.

### LONDON—MISCELLANEOUS

- 10.0.—London County Council: Licensing Committee, Newington Sessions House.
- 12.0.—Unveiling of Gordon Statue, Gravesend.
- 1.0.—Royal Veterinary College: Introductory Lecture by Prof. Brown.
- 1.15.—Mission to City men (St. Mary, Aldernabury), Rev. W. Hay Altkin.

- 4.30.—Bedford College, York Place, Baker Street: Inaugural Address by Prof. Rücker
- 8.0.—Metropolitan Railway Federation: Paddington Radical Club, Paddington Green.
- 8.0.—Sir Charles Russell on Unemployed Question: Town Hall, Hackney.

### PROVINCIAL.

#### Church Congress Birmingham:—

- Morning.—Town Hall: Church Services, Viscount Halifax.
- Midland Institute: "Preaching, and a Preaching Order."
- Congress Hall: "Parish Councils Bill."
- Afternoon.—Town Hall: "Employers and Employed."
- Evening.—Town Hall: "The Anglican Communion."
- Midland Institute: "Home Missions."
- Congress Hall: Working-men's Meeting, subject "Licensing Reform."
- Norwich Musical Festival:—
- Morning.—"Golden Legend," Sir A. Sullivan.
- Evening.—"Una," Gane. (Preceded by Fantasia by M. Paderewski.)
- Lord R. Churchill at Stalybridge.
- Opening of Rayner Park, Stockton, by Duke and Duchess of York.
- Baptist Union, Reading, Presidential Address.
- Railwayman's Congress at Glasgow.
- Welsh Land Commission at Towy, Merionethshire.

### THEATRES.

#### MELODRAMA.

- 7.30.—Drury Lane: Theatre Royal, "A Life of Pleasure."
- 8.0.—Adephi Theatre: "A Woman's Revenge."
- 8.15.—Haymarket Theatre: "The Tempter."

#### COMEDY.

- 8.15.—Comedy Theatre: "Sowing the Wind."
- 8.15.—Daly's Theatre (Leicester Square): "The Foresters."

#### COMIC OPERA.

- 7.45.—Gaiety Theatre: "La Mascotte."
- 8.50.—Criterion Theatre: "La Fille de Madame Angot."

#### FARCE.

- 8.45.—Vaudeville: "A Trip to Chicago."
- 9.0.—Globe Theatre: "Charley's Aunt."

#### BURLESQUE.

- 8.15.—Strand Theatre: "A Modern Don Quixote."

#### BALLET AND VARIETY.

- 7.30.—Alhambra: "Fidelia" and "Chicago."
- 7.30.—Palace Theatre: "A Palace of Archies" and "Scaramouch."
- 7.30.—The Tivoli: Varieties.
- 7.30.—The Pavilion: Varieties.
- 7.30.—Empire: "Katrina" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

### A.M. P.M. MISCELLANEOUS AMUSEMENTS

- 11.0.-11.0.—Earl's Court Exhibition.—Bank of H.M. Scots Guards. Illuminations.
- 3.0. & 8.0.—Moore and Burgess Minstrels.
- 3.0. & 8.0.—Egyptian Hall (J. N. Maskelyne).

### Kick Off.

### SPORTS.

#### P.M.

#### FOOTBALL.

- 2.45.—Sussex Dolphins v. Eastbourne College (Association), Binnawick Place, Brighton.
- 3.15.—Maidstone v. Chatham (Association), at Chatham.
- 3.30.—Scots Guards v. First Battalion Sherwood Foresters (Association), at Tufnell Park.

#### BILLIARDS.

- W. J. Peall v. T. Taylor, at the Aquarium.
- T. Taylor v. W. Spiller, "Ship" Tavern, Vauxhall Bridge Road.

#### SWIMMING.

- Crescent S. C. Costume Entertainment.

#### ROWING.

- Wivenhoe and Rowhedge Regatta.

#### GOLF.

- Royal Blackheath Cup, Blackheath.

#### WATER POLO.

- Yorkshire v. Lancashire, Corporation Baths, Wakefield.

# THE DAILY PAPER.

Vol. I.]

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1893.

[No. 1.

## HOME RULE NEXT SESSION?

WHAT is to be done with Home Rule next session? Until that question is answered, no one can even guess what will be the course of business. Ministers therefore at the November Cabinet must decide first and foremost what they will propose to do about Home Rule, before they propose to do anything else whatever. But although Ministers propose, the Irish dispose.

If the Irish insist upon the reintroduction of the Home Rule Bill and the sterilisation of the whole Session only in order that the House of Lords may reject the Bill a second time by a majority of ten to one, they will no doubt be obeyed. But the Liberal majority will obey as the gladiators obeyed in the arena, crying, "*Ave Cæsar, nos morituri te salutamus.*" For there is not a man in our ranks who does not know that the sacrifice of another Session to the dressing of a Home Rule Bill merely that the Peers may have the amusement of throwing it out of the window, amid the cheers of an English crowd, is, to put it tersely, suicide and blue ruin. Suicide for the cause of Home Rule. Blue ruin for the Liberal party. We simply dare not face the constituencies with no other record than a couple of Sessions wasted, not in an attempt to carry Home Rule, but in sending a Bill up to be rejected by the House of Lords.

The Irish, who are much acuter politicians than the somewhat sluggish English, appreciate this fact more keenly than we do. Already we have *United Ireland* declaring that it fails to see the advantage of reintroducing the Bill next year, and we take it none of the Irish wish to press Home Rule beyond the point at which it would wreck their one chance of carrying it, which consists in the election of a Home Rule majority to the next House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone has committed himself to nothing. At Edinburgh, he referred to the Bill as "a measure which, if I can estimate the future, will next Session reappear above the waves in which it has for a moment appeared to founder." That amounts to even less than the usual Gladstonian pledge, which is always framed with a statesmanlike perception of the possible exigencies of the party whip. The Gladstonians outside Ireland are almost to a man impatient to get something done which can be paraded before their constituencies as an instalment of the Newcastle programme. Yet we all admit that we must keep the green flag with the crownless harp flying at the peak. Otherwise there will be a mutiny in the fore-castle, and the Irish crew will scuttle the ship. We must keep them in good humour if we would keep the ship afloat. But if we have to throw over all our other cargo in order to load up with the Home Rule Bill, we shall be

so top-heavy we shall capsize. What Ministers have to do is to devise a compromise which will satisfy the Irish that Home Rule is being kept to the fore, while leaving the English, the Scotch, and the Welsh some little chance of being able to satisfy their constituents that they have not sacrificed everything to Irish Home Rule.

The situation, though difficult, is not impossible. All that the Irish want is that the House of Commons shall again affirm its devotion to Home Rule. All that the English want is a chance to attend to their own affairs. Both sides would obtain what they want if, instead of bringing in the old Bill once more, with a few inevitable alterations, Ministers would introduce a short measure, a draft of which I publish on another page, constituting an Irish National Convention at Dublin, for the purpose of considering in the Recess the details of the Home Rule Bill. We must never forget that in attempting to frame a Constitution for the Irish people by a Cabinet and Parliament at Westminster, we are acting irrationally and contrary to invariable precedent. As Sir Gavan Duffy reminded us two years ago, the natural and legitimate way in which every Colonial Constitution has been framed, is by the active co-operation of the men who will have to administer it, after full and free debate among the people for whom it is designed. Ireland might, at least, claim to be treated as respectfully as a Colony. Neither can we ignore the fact that practically the Home Rule Bill was not discussed by the representatives of the Irish majority. They sat silent while their leaders enforced assent by a cast-iron discipline to provisions many of which were bitterly resented by their constituents. Would it not be a useful training in the difficult art of self-government if the Irish members were to be constituted as a Special Committee of the House of Commons in the Rotunda at Dublin, with instructions to consider the Home Rule Bill of last Session, and to report the same to the House at the end of 1894, with such amendments as they deem indispensable? We should then know where we stand. We should have recognised the principle of Home Rule, and have done homage to the right of the Irish to frame their own Constitution, and we could please ourselves whether we sent the Bill up to the House of Lords for them to reject it, or whether we circumvented them by reading the Bill a second time and then relegating it to a Committee of all the Irish members sitting at Dublin during the Recess. The former would be the easier, the latter the more practical. But whichever course is taken the Home Rule block would be raised for next Session, while the Home Rule flag will be kept flying at the fore! What better could man ask?

## SUMMARY OF TO-DAY'S NEWS.

THE chances of avoiding a collision between the Matabele and the troops of the Chartered Company in Mashonaland are diminishing. Large impi are reported to be on the borders of Mashonaland, and are believed to be making for Fort Charter. Lobengula is said to be enraged at the cattle thefts of the Mashonas. Mr. Rhodes has not yet arrived at the front. Mr. Selous is at Tuli. The scouts have fallen back on Fort Charter before the advancing impi. The Chartered Company have 300 mounted men at each of their three forts, well-officered and equipped, with machine guns on galloping carriages. Each fort has, besides this movable column, a garrison of 200 men.

MELILLA, a Spanish town on the Moroccan coast, was on the 2nd the scene of a bloody affray. The Spaniards offended the susceptibilities of the Moors by erecting a fort in a position which overlooked the burial-ground of a mosque. Seven thousand Kabyles therefore flung themselves upon the fort, and after a day's hard fighting drove out the garrison, which fell back upon Melilla, with a loss of eighteen men and two officers killed and thirty-five wounded. The Spaniards from their fort in the town then played upon the Moors with artillery, causing great slaughter. The Spanish garrison of three hundred men is to be reinforced, and remonstrances addressed to the Sultan of Morocco.



RUSSIAN newspapers recently sent a complimentary telegram to the Parisian press about the visit of the Russian fleet to Toulon. For this attempt to give political significance to a visit of courtesy, their representatives were summoned before the censor, and snubbed for their pains. They were told that their corporate action was most improper, as the representation of Russia rested in other hands than theirs.

IN the Argentine Republic the insurrectionary movement headed by Dr. Alem, the Radical leader, has been completely suppressed. Dr. Alem was arrested after the surrender of Rosario to the National troops.

NO such good news is to hand from Brazil, where Admiral de Mello is preparing to bombard the city of Rio. The provinces are revolting against Admiral Peixoto, who, however, keeps his hold upon the capital, with an army of 5,000 men. Each side telegraphs, as usual, that they are on the eve of success, but the Admiral with his fleet seems to have the best of it.

SIR MORTIMER DURAND, with the British Mission, will arrive at Cabul to-day. During the whole of the journey the Ameer has provided magnificently for the comfort of the Mission.

THE deadlock in the United States Senate on the silver question continues, the President having resolutely insisted upon the unconditional repeal of the Purchase law.

THE Baptist Union held its first autumnal meeting at Reading yesterday, beginning with a missionary breakfast. The Baptist Missionary Society appeals for an extra £30,000 a year.

THE 33rd Church Congress began its sittings, yesterday, at Birmingham, the Bishop of Worcester being president. There was a reception by the Mayor, and after the sermons the Bishop delivered his inaugural address, dealing with Parish Councils Bill, Disestablishment, the Birmingham Bishopric, and the Obligation of the Church. At the evening meeting the increase of the Episcopate and Lord's Day observances were discussed.

LAST night Mr. Goschen replied to Mr. Gladstone's recent Edinburgh speech before the Unionist demonstration in the same city. Mr. Goschen defended the action of the Lords, glorifying the Unionist Party, and challenged Mr. Gladstone to say what he meant to do.

THE coal strike continues, and yesterday the coal-owners meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel decided to accept the proposal made by the Mayors of Leeds, Sheffield, Bradford, Nottingham, Derby, and Barnsley, for a joint conference at Sheffield on the 9th inst. Representatives of the coal-owners will therefore attend. They declared unanimously that no settlement could be made that did not include a reduction of wages.

LORD SALISBURY has written a letter to a correspondent, expressing his deep regret at the progress of the conflict between the coal-owners and miners. He fears the injury done to both sides will be profound and lasting, and regrets that no opportunity was given for a discussion of the question in the House of Commons; but he is not aware that any plan has been suggested by which legislation could arrest or mitigate the injuries under which this industry is suffering.

OWING to the increase in the price of coal and the expected rise in the cost of gas, the London School Board will open their schools at 1.30 instead of 2 o'clock, and close half an hour earlier.

A SMALL crowd of the unemployed marched from the Tower, yesterday, to St. Luke's Vestry Hall, but the vestry refused to see them. They then went to Shoreditch Vestry, where they were allowed to visit the public gallery; but they behaved themselves so badly that they had to be turned out by the police.

THE Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants held their annual Conference at Glasgow, yesterday, and reported an addition of 40 branches and 791 members during the year.

SIR STEVENSON BLACKWOOD, the secretary of the General Post Office, and well known as a leading Evangelical, died on the 2nd, at Harwich, on his homeward journey from the Continent. He was in his sixty-second year, and died from the after effects of influenza.

THE London County Council met yesterday for the first time after the recess. They decided (1) to introduce a bill dealing with the safety of theatres, (2) to inquire into the best means of obtaining information on the question of locomotion in London, and then (3) refused to take any action in the matter of the Albert Palace, on account of Mr. Passmore Edwards's refusal to contribute the sum which he had promised for its purchase.

THE result of the Brighton School Board election was declared last night. There were twenty-three candidates for fifteen seats. The new board will consist of six unsecularians, five churchmen, and four independents. The schoolmaster with a grievance went in at the head of the poll with twenty thousand, thirteen thousand more than those recorded for the next.

THE cholera is dying out in Hamburg, no fresh cases being reported yesterday. In Palermo the deaths from cholera average one per hour. Only two choleraic cases were reported in England the day before yesterday—one at Hull and the other at Rotherhithe.



THE French text of the Draft of the Treaty of Convention which settled the differences between France and Siam has been published. Siam renounces all claim to the territory on the left bank of the Mekong River, and binds herself neither to place armed vessels on the Mekong, or construct any military post in the provinces of Battambang and Siemreap, or within fifteen miles of the right bank of the Mekong. Siam is also forbidden to maintain any armed force in this region, and has to have special regulations as to Customs duties, and afford special facilities to French citizens who may wish to travel or do business therein. The effect of this is that, while the left bank of the Mekong passes entirely from Siam, France asserts the right of control almost amounting to possession over the provinces of Battambang and Siemreap, and all the territory lying within fifteen miles of the right bank of the Mekong. Consulates are to be established wherever the French Government think proper, particularly at Khorat and at Muang Nam. The French Government will occupy Chantaboon until the execution of the stipulations in the Treaty of the Convention. The accompanying map will enable any one to see at once the extent to which the new Treaty makes over Siam to France.



French Territory ceded by Siam to France  
 British Proposed Buffer-state China  
 Siamese territory subject to restrictions

THE Revenue received from between April the 1st and September 30th, was £1,271,412 less than that received in the corresponding period of 1892. The expenditure shows a reduction of £247,844.

THE Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police has issued his report for the year 1892. The force consists of 13,314 men, whose pay amounted to £1,264,000.

BUGLARIES have gone up, and manslaughter has gone down. There were only twenty-five manslaughters last year.

BETWEEN eleven and twelve o'clock last night, a warehouseman named Whitehead put two bullets through the head of his mistress, Daisy Edwards, in Claremont Square, Pentonville, and then shot himself. The woman may recover, Whitehead is expected to die.

Two housebreakers were sentenced to four and five years respectively at Clerkenwell yesterday for house-breaking.

A DEAL solicitor named Edwards was yesterday committed for trial on five charges of misappropriation of trust funds amounting to £10,000.

THE mattress and bedding factory and warehouse of Messrs. Longley, of York Street, Leeds, was burnt down yesterday morning. Damages, £25,000. From fifty to sixty people had to be rescued at the Temperance Hotel at the opposite side of the street.

A MANUFACTORY of English woollen goods at Grunberg, in Silesia, has been burned down. It was covered with insurance to the amount of £225,000.

A GREAT storm has been raging in New Orleans for the last two days. The Orange crop on the Gulf States has been destroyed, and twenty-four persons lost their lives.

LORD TENNYSON's pastoral drama, "The Foresters," was produced at Daly's Theatre last night. Miss Ada Rehan played Maid Marian. It was a brilliant spectacle, and was as successful as a picture as it was a failure as a play.

THE Norwich Musical Festival began last night with a performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio, "St. Paul."

THE Opium Commission will meet on November 15th at Calcutta.

THE QUEEN, who is entertaining the Russian Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodrowna at Balmoral, yesterday took the Grand Duchess out for a drive in the afternoon.

THE PRINCE OF WALES will return from Scotland at the end of the week.

THE TSAR with his family is enjoying himself at Fredensborg, where he has been joined by the Princess of Wales.

YESTERDAY the Duke and Duchess of York received the freedom of the city of Edinburgh, opened a new wing lately added to a hospital for incurables, and received various deputations. The city was decorated and the streets crowded.

THE Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury left Dieppe last night, and will arrive at Hatfield this morning.

No special invitations will be issued to the funeral of Professor Jowett on Friday, but all friends will be welcomed.

PRINCE BISMARCK is still unwell at Kissingen, and his friends are somewhat uneasy as to his recovery.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET will shortly return to America, leaving Miss Willard in this country. Miss Willard has not sufficiently recovered her health to return to America.

MADAME NOVIKOFF has returned this year sooner than usual from Marienbad, and is once more in her old quarters at Claridge's Hotel.

LORD THRING yesterday distributed prizes at St. Thomas's Medical School, and delivered an address.

MR. W. F. PETRIE addressed the students at the opening of University College, illustrating his observations on the inter-relation of studies by interesting references to the recent discoveries in Egyptology.

£25,000 is the price which Prince Bismarck is said to have received for the copyright of his memoirs, which he has just completed. The purchaser is forbidden to publish them during the author's life.

## THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT BIRMINGHAM.

From Our Special Commissioner.

THIRTY-FOUR years ago there was no Church Congress, for the thirty-third Congress has just opened in this "strong city of the Midlands." That fact alone is indicative of the transformation which has come over the Church of England in the lifetime of the present generation. The Congress is a sign and symbol of the quickened vitality of the Church of England. The fact that it should be received, and enthusiastically received, in Birmingham is also a fact typical of much. Twenty years ago Birmingham was the head and centre of the militant Nonconformist. The Birmingham Education League, with Mr. Chamberlain, Dr. Dale, and Mr. G. Dixon at its head, sent forth its emissaries into all parts of the country to preach what was practically a jihad or Holy War against Church schools, and indirectly in favour of Disestablishment. Now all this is changed, and the echoes of the old controversies of the Education League have died away. Mr. Chamberlain has become the guardian angel of the established order of society, political and ecclesiastical. Dr. Dale entertains Canon Gore as his guest, and Mr. George Dixon is gathered into the fold of the faithful Unionists, who strengthen the hands of Lord Salisbury in maintaining the Establishment as one of the buttresses of the Act of Union. Politics have had a greater effect upon religion in Birmingham than elsewhere, and it is not surprising that the hearts of the eager Churchmen are already elate with the thought that before long an Anglican bishop of Birmingham may divide the allegiance of the Midland capital with Dr. Dale, who has so long been regarded as its pope.

Although the Church revived and militant seems to be going forth conquering and to conquer, the great mass of the population of Birmingham is outside either church or chapel. Last November, when a census was taken of those who attended church service on one Sunday evening, it was found that a little more than one-sixth of the population attended either church or chapel. The figures showed that 99,000 were inside places of worship, and 569,000 outside. So as the mountain would not go to Mahomet, Mahomet has come to the mountain, and the Church Congress has gone to Birmingham, with all its notables arrayed in all their ecclesiastical panoply.

### THE OPENING SERMONS.

The Congress opened with three remarkable sermons. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached at St. Martin's, on Balaam, "when he went not as at other times to seek for enchantments, but set his face towards the wilderness." Bishop Westcott preached upon the fellow-citizenship of the saints, while Archdeacon Farrar spoke eloquently upon the works of the Church, proclaiming aloud that he was in no mood to daub tottering walls with untempered mortar or to express contentment with things as they were. "We want prophets and we want saints:" that was the burden of his demand. Of the three the Archbishop's sermon was the most remarkable, although Bishop Westcott let fall one weighty sentence when he declared that social, commercial, municipal, and national activity was part of the one human life which Christ had lived, the expression in due measure of the nature which Christ had borne.

The Archbishop dwelt with the skill of an accomplished advertising agent upon the work of the Church. He praised the good works of his Church, and published abroad that his Church, and almost his Church alone, was the hope of the world. "The world's interests through heathendom, the nation's interests through its poor population, and no less the highest interests of religious science are vested in the

Church of England." He then went on with unconscious humour to complain that the bane of our time is "advertisement, self-publication, and a willingness to be paraded, and the absence of these qualities is the characteristic seal which must be implanted upon the work of our church."

### THE INAUGURAL.

The inaugural address was delivered by the Bishop of Worcester at half-past two o'clock in Bingley Hall. After having dealt with the programme of the Congress, he referred to the reunion of Christendom in the following terms:—

One subject, indeed, we may be told works or acts in a region quite beyond the range of practical Churchmanship. The reunion of Christendom is a dream and an impossibility. The barriers which confront us when we seriously consider it are such as cannot be thrown down. Why should we discuss impossibilities? I answer, the impossibilities of one generation are the conquests and the triumphs of another. It may be a dream and an ideal which is presented to us. But a dream may have its glory and its accomplishment, and an ideal may have its high inspiration. The world would be poor indeed without its dreams and its ideals.

Then passing on to consider the problems before the Church, the Bishop defended the Parish Councils Bill, earnestly imploring the Church not to oppose it as a whole. He regarded it as a natural and necessary corollary to the County Councils Bill. He even went so far as to say:—

The transference of doles and charitable trusts to other hands than those of incumbents and churchwardens does not seem to me fraught with any appreciable mischief.

After deprecating this disestablishment of the English Church in Wales, he proceeded to console his hearers by assuring them that the Church would survive even disestablishment.

### AN ELOQUENT WARNING.

He concluded with a very eloquent peroration as to the duty of the Church to go forward:—

Why look for ever backwards? Why attempt to resuscitate the past, to make the past the form and measure of the present, to array the present in the cast-off clothes of some effete system? God's voice is not a voice which spake once or twice in history, and is now for ever silent. The message given to the early Church cannot satisfy us. The message given to an Augustine or a Chrysostom was for their times, not for ours. The voice which spake to the mediæval Church speaks in other tones now.

The Church of the future has, I believe, a yet nobler mission. The spirit of God lives and moves within her, prompting her to a yet larger conception of God's world, and of the claims which that world has upon her. To set free the individual conscience was the work of the Reformation. To bind together free individuals in a brotherhood of freedom is a task which God has given us. Let us take care to recognise and fulfil it. God has been teaching His Church, and warning her by history, by science, by criticism, in spite of the suspicions and antagonisms of a too narrow faith, to evolve a more glorious harmony than any that the past has ever dreamt of. The antagonism of the Church, of all Churches, to the irresistible march of the world, form a melancholy page in their history. How vain to attempt to resist that march, when it is God's own hand that guides it. "Woe," says an eloquent French preacher, "woe to the Churches that look behind them like Lot's wife; like her they will become, if they have not become already, mere monuments of death."

After the Bishop's inaugural address, a paper was read on "The Increase of the Episcopate," followed by a discussion. In the evening we discussed "Education" in the Town Hall, under the presidency of the Bishop of Edinburgh, while in the Midland Institute the Archbishop of Dublin presided over a discussion on "Sunday Observance."

## IS DISSENT DOOMED IN RURAL ENGLAND?

### An Appeal to Nonconformists.

It is a curious illustration of the opposing and apparently conflicting currents of opinion and of tendency in England, that while the Churchmen are quaking in their shoes at the thought of impending disestablishment, Nonconformists are dismally contemplating the prospect of impending extinction. If we may believe the desponding on both sides, it seems that it is an even chance whether the English Church will be disestablished before the last Dissenter perishes from rural England. The pessimists on both sides cannot be correct. If Dissent is on its last legs the Church assuredly has nothing to fear; for although the Liberation Society may be patronised by agnostics, it is maintained, organised, and financed by Nonconformists. The pessimists among the Nonconformists have, however, more to say for themselves than the despondent among the Anglicans.

#### AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION AND NONCONFORMITY.

The depletion of the agricultural districts consequent upon the continual fall in the price of corn and the increasing pressure of American competition, tells much more heavily upon Nonconformists than upon Churchmen. It will indeed be a curious Nemesis if the descendants of the men who steered the *Mayflower* across the Atlantic were to cut up by the roots the struggling remnant of the Puritans in rural England. The depression in agriculture hits the Nonconformists harder than the Churchmen, for two reasons: first, because as a rule the Churchman belongs to the wealthier classes, and has more staying power, in the shape of realised capital; and, in the second place, the Nonconformist being more independent and self-reliant both in character and in creed, is more ready to venture forth from his native village and seek his fortune in the towns.

#### THE REVIVAL OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

But this is not the only cause which has told heavily against the rural Dissenter. Fifty years ago the Nonconformist chapel was the natural and often the only refuge for those who had any craving for a religion less formal than the perfunctory performance which was gone through according to law in the parish church. But since then much has happened. The Church of England has been transformed. The lazy, slug-a-bed, toying parson, who thought much more of fox-hunting and of society than of the cure of souls, has been practically eliminated under the pressure of competition, and of the enthusiasm of a religious revival. Rural Nonconformity, in short, is being crushed between the upper millstone of the Church revival and the nether millstone of agricultural depression.

#### A TYPICAL CASE.

For some time these facts have been known to all those who have any practical acquaintance with life in the shires. They were brought home more vividly to me by a young business man in the City, who was almost the last person in the world whom I should have suspected of sensitiveness on this subject. But what is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh, and my friend comes of a long line of Puritan ancestors. The Battle of Naseby was fought upon the farm of an ancestor, whose tomb, bearing a date two years after the fateful day on which Cromwell and Ireton saved English liberty, is still shown with pride by his descendants. The family for two centuries have preserved their Puritan traditions—tilling their acres, tending their flocks and herds, and rigorously maintaining the ordinances of the sanctuary as they were delivered to their forefathers in the stormy period of the civil wars.

#### THE LANDLORD AND THE PARSON

"I tell you what it is," said my friend to me; "if we who have gone out of the villages do not make a stand and help those whom we have left behind to hold their own against the Church, the chapel will have to go under. Just look what is happening at my own place. My father is gone; I am in business in London; I cannot go down and fill the place which he has left vacant. The Church parson does not like to have Dissenters in the village. The landlord hobnobs with the parson, and it would be nothing unusual if we were turned out to make room for some one who will regularly attend church and back up the parson. This kind of thing is going on more or less all over England. Competition, you may say, is the soul of business, but this is not fair competition. Nonconformity has always been struggling to hold its own against heavy odds. It is in the position of a private firm which has to compete with a business subsidised by the State and advertised everywhere as the national house.

#### THE MIGRATION TO THE TOWNS.

We can stand all that, and if our ranks had not been depleted by the migration to the towns, we would not have needed to make much fuss about these petty tyrannies of parson and squire; but as the matter stands it is much too serious a matter to be tolerated much longer. I can see what will happen in my own village, and what will happen there has already happened in many other villages. Rural Nonconformity is being wiped out, and yet we Nonconformists of the villages who have come to the towns and made our own way are twiddling our thumbs and doing nothing."

"But what would you do?" I asked.

"Do!" said he. "Why, wake up the village-born Nonconformists who have made their way in the world, and appeal to them to help the little local churches, which they have left, struggling with a weakened cause and a dwindling congregation! I think we should have a very good response both in money and in men, and I am ready to work at it as hard as you please if you will set the ball rolling. We do not want to take any aggressive action against the Church, but we do want to prevent the Nonconformist cause, which has been the very saving salt of rural England, from being extirpated. We want a Sustentation Fund raised in the towns for the maintaining of the cause in the villages, and what is more we want the town ministers to be given to understand that the little country churches ought to have a great deal more of their sympathy and their countenance. Since Mr. Spurgeon died there are very few ministers of eminence who think it worth their while to come down to the little country places. We have to change all that, or else good-bye to Nonconformity in many an English county."

#### WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

I am afraid that it will require more than a Sustentation Fund to save the situation: it will require the union of the Free Churches of England in order that they may make common cause against the common danger.

I shall be glad to receive communications from all those interested in town and country as to whether some combined action cannot be taken to unite the free churches, and to rescue from extinction the struggling cause of Nonconformity in the rural districts.

## NOTE!

THE warning note that is sounded in another column by Lady Brooke as to the terrible destitution that seems inevitable this winter in some parts of rural England as the result of the drought, comes none too soon. Forewarned is forearmed. But the town will have to help the country, if only to avert the migration which will dangerously swell the ranks of the unemployed.

WITH able-bodied men in Essex eager for work at eight shillings a week, and not able to get it, what are we to think of the fatuity which has led the coal miners to paralyse business for two months rather than agree to refer their difference with their employers to arbitration? The plea that arbitration simply means readjusting wages in proportion to the drop in prices is nonsense. Prices necessarily influence wages, but the miners, if they had really wished for peace, could have insisted that other considerations should be taken into account by the arbitrator. Deplorable as the strike has been, it may yield good fruit if it convinces industrial disputants that whichever side refuses arbitration really puts itself out of court, and allows judgment to go against it by default.

NOTHING could have been better than the spirit of the Presidential Address at Birmingham yesterday. The Bishop of Worcester's inaugural was indeed in fact an eloquent sermon on Lowell's familiar lines:—

New occasions teach new duties: Time makes ancient good uncouth;  
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of Truth  
Lo, before us gleam her camp fires! we ourselves must pilgrims be,  
Launch our *Mayflower* and steer boldly through the desperate winter  
sea,

Nor attempt the Future's Portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

"To bind together free individuals in a brotherhood of freedom is the task which God has given us. Let us take care to recognise and fulfil it." Unfortunately the majority at the Church Congress is much more bent upon insisting on shibboleths that divide, than upon the sympathies which unite.

MR. GOSCHEN'S reply to Mr. Gladstone last night at Edinburgh was fairly effective, but people are bored to death with these party recriminations. We have all breakfasted, dined, and supped too long on Home Rule, and need a respite in order to recover our appetite. Mr. Goschen adjures Mr. Gladstone in the name of all that is reasonable to tell us what he is going to do. But how can he do so when he does not know himself? All this vapouring about the burning desire of the Opposition to appeal to the country is just a trifle unreal. The Unionist members would be almost as disgusted as the Gladstonians if they were to be compelled to face another General Election this year. The recess oratory this year promises to be even more hollow and unreal than usual.

ONE point in Mr. Goschen's speech was well brought out. Whether the House of Lords did wisely or unwisely in rejecting the Home Rule Bill, its action has not provoked even the shadow of a storm in the most radical districts of England. When the Reform Bill was rejected the English masses roused themselves in wrath; but to-day even the Liberal caucus abstains from getting up indignation meetings, and Mr. Gladstone only counsels calm and resolute determination. Until Parliament reassembles in November, this calm will probably continue; after that more will depend upon the measures taken to cope with the destitution and lack of employment than anything either Lords or Commons are likely to quarrel about.

THE death of Sir Stevenson Blackwood removes one of the most familiar figures in Mildmay Park circles, and deprives the Post Office of the services of an extremely conscientious, but not very progressive administrator. An energetic go-ahead official as secretary might make all the difference to the pace of Post Office reform. Of late it does not seem to have made any difference whether Tories or Liberals supplied the Postmaster General; "men might come and men might go," but Sir Stevenson Blackwood went on for ever.

THE application of automatic telepathy to journalism is no longer a dream. As will be seen from the interview with Lady Brooke published elsewhere telepathic communication exact and instantaneous has been established between Dunrobin Castle and Dover railway station, a distance of over 600 miles. The documents and evidence in proof of this apparently incredible statement are at our office for the inspection of the Psychical Research Society.

SIR MORTIMER DURAND is expected to arrive to-day at Cabul. The Ameer, whose weakness is Scotch whisky, and who suffers a good deal from gout and other disorders of excess, seems to be in a good humour, and has given our Mission quite a royal reception. That is very good, for missions to Cabul are perilous experiments; but what does the Ameer want? He gives nothing for nothing, and if he is civil it is because he has a request to make. If it is more money he may get it. If it is more guarantee, either of the succession or of his frontiers, he will be less successful. Sir Mortimer Durand will be a lucky man if he comes back as pleasantly as he went.

"WOULD that night or Blucher would come!" said Wellington at Waterloo. Would that the rains or Rhodes would come! is our prayer for Mashonaland. When the rains set in there will be no fighting. If Mr. Rhodes were but on the spot, we should have some reason for believing that the forces of the Chartered Company would be used with discretion. We have absolutely no confidence in Captain Lendy, and not overmuch in Dr. Jameson. As for the settlers, "they have got the jumps," as Dr. Jameson said. It will need as strong a hand as Mr. Rhodes's to keep them from precipitating a fight.

AS Sir John Gorst will probably be either Minister of Labour, President of the Local Government Board, or Home Secretary in the next Administration, his declaration as to the Labour Farm of the Salvation Army at Hadleigh is important. Sir John has repeatedly visited the Colony in order to see things at first hand, and he has now put it on record that in his deliberate judgment it would be a national misfortune if want of funds should prevent Mr. Booth's experiment being carried out to the end. Such a verdict from such an authority is significant.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* continues to be conducted with a fine disregard for all the financial considerations which govern newspapers whose proprietors are not millionaires. The staff of the paper has been increased about fifty per cent. all round since it came into the hands of Mr. Astor, and every number that is published costs more to produce than it is sold for. The cost of telegraphing the dispatches that have appeared in the *Pall Mall* about the recent race for the American Cup must have cost more in a week than what was paid for special telegrams during the whole time that the paper belonged to Mr. Thompson.

**POLITICAL REPORTING: A HINT FROM MUSIC.**

AT a rough guess a good third of the acreage of the ordinary morning daily paper is covered by repetitions more or less monotonous and banal of arguments which have been stated, restated, and stated over and over again. This consumes space and bores the reader. To economise space and at the same time to keep the reader posted as to what is said in Parliament and on the platform, I venture to put forward with all due deference a suggestion borrowed from music. In music there is a variety infinitely exceeding the range of political argument, but in the whole range of the compositions of Handel or Wagner or Gounod there is nothing that is not succinctly and accurately expressed by a combination of arbitrary signs representing only seven notes. Would it not tend to simplify matters if we adopted a similar system of political reporting, and arranged a system of political notation which would enable us to condense into an inch or two the verbiage that now submerges acres?

For instance, take the following very rough attempt at a scale of the arguments on either side on the subject of Home Rule, denoting arguments for Home Rule by figures and those against it by letters.

**THE RIVAL NOTATIONS.**

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| <p><i>The Home Rule Notation.</i></p> <p><b>1. THE IRISH WANT HOME RULE.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Won't be happy till they get it.</li> <li>·2. Will be content when they do.</li> <li>·3. Ought to have it as a right.</li> </ul> <p><b>2. DANGEROUS TO REFUSE IT.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Coercion in Ireland.</li> <li>·2. Obstruction in Westminster.</li> <li>·3. No Liberal Government possible without Irish vote.</li> </ul> <p><b>3. IRELAND BLOCKS THE WAY.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Legislative famine.</li> <li>·2. No Disestablishment.</li> <li>·3. No Labour Legislation.</li> <li>·4. No Temperance Legislation.</li> </ul> <p><b>4. HOME RULE GOOD FOR THE IRISH.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Liberty.</li> <li>·2. Responsibility.</li> <li>·3. Finance.</li> <li>·4. Sentiment.</li> </ul> <p><b>5. GOOD FOR ENGLAND.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Satisfies conscience.</li> <li>·2. Removes Irish Block.</li> <li>·3. Opens door to Federal system.</li> </ul> <p><b>6. PASSED BY COMMONS.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Fresh from polls.</li> <li>·2. After eighty days' debate.</li> <li>·3. Anathema on Obstruction.</li> </ul> | <p><i>The Unionist Notation.</i></p> <p><b>A. THE IRISH ARE INCAPABLE OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. History.</li> <li>·2. America.</li> <li>·3. No. 15 Committee Room.</li> </ul> <p><b>B. DANGEROUS TO CONCEDE IT.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. To the Irish.—Set a beggar on horseback, etc.</li> <li>·2. To England.—Marching through rapine, etc.</li> <li>·3. To the Empire.—Allies of all our enemies</li> </ul> <p><b>C. HOME RULE BLOCKS THE WAY.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Eighty days this year.</li> <li>·2. No legislation till it is abandoned.</li> <li>·3. Create a worse block in future.</li> <li>·4. Salisbury Government not blocked.</li> </ul> <p><b>D. HOME RULE BAD FOR THE IRISH.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Bankruptcy all round.</li> <li>·2. Religious feuds and persecution.</li> <li>·3. Donnybrook Fair.</li> <li>·4. Rebellion in Ulster.</li> </ul> <p><b>E. BAD FOR ENGLAND.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Prestige.</li> <li>·2. Union.</li> <li>·3. Authority of Parliament.</li> <li>·4. Impossible.</li> </ul> <p><b>F. PASSED BY COMMONS.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Bill not before constituencies.</li> <li>·2. House gagged.</li> <li>·3. Majority small.</li> <li>·4. Exclusively Irish.</li> </ul> |
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| <p><i>The Home Rule Notation.</i></p> <p><b>7. REJECTED BY LORDS.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Irresponsible Oligarchy.</li> <li>·2. Always wrong.</li> <li>·3. No right to force Dissolution.</li> </ul> <p><b>8. THE G. O. M. (THREE CHEERS.)</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Age.</li> <li>·2. Eloquence.</li> <li>·3. Authority.</li> </ul> <p><b>9. THE LIBERAL PARTY.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Always right in the past.</li> <li>·2. Always victorious</li> <li>·3. No millennium without a Liberal majority.</li> </ul> <p><b>10. HIGH FALUTIN'.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Remorse.</li> <li>·2. Progress.</li> <li>·3. Sympathy.</li> <li>·4. Justice.</li> </ul> <p><b>11. STOCK WAR-WHOOPS.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Coercionist.</li> <li>·2. Obstructionist.</li> <li>·3. Judas.</li> <li>·4. Rats.</li> </ul> <p><b>12. THE INVARIABLE.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Tu quoque.</li> <li>·2. We never did wrong.</li> <li>·3. You never did right.</li> </ul> | <p><i>The Unionist Notation.</i></p> <p><b>G. REJECTED BY LORDS.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Unprecedented majority.</li> <li>·2. Within constitutional right.</li> <li>·3. Will give in after Dissolution if beaten.</li> <li>·4. Stake in the country.</li> </ul> <p><b>H. THE BAD OLD MAN. (GROANS.)</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. A wily old Dodger.</li> <li>·2. One foot in the grave.</li> <li>·3. Sophist and Dictator.</li> <li>·4. Damn! Damn! Damn!</li> </ul> <p><b>I. THE UNIONIST PARTY.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Ripest fruit of Patriotism.</li> <li>·2. All the talents.</li> <li>·3. The real Party of Progress.</li> <li>·4. Burst up the Home Rule Bill.</li> </ul> <p><b>J. HIGH FALUTIN'.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Empire.</li> <li>·2. Obligations to Loyalists.</li> <li>·3. Protestantism.</li> <li>·4. Never give in!</li> </ul> <p><b>K. STOCK WAR-WHOOPS.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Rebel.</li> <li>·2. Dynamitard.</li> <li>·3. Party of Rapine.</li> <li>·4. Traitors.</li> </ul> <p><b>L. THE INVARIABLE.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>·1. Tu quoque.</li> <li>·2. We never did wrong.</li> <li>·3. And you never did right.</li> </ul> |
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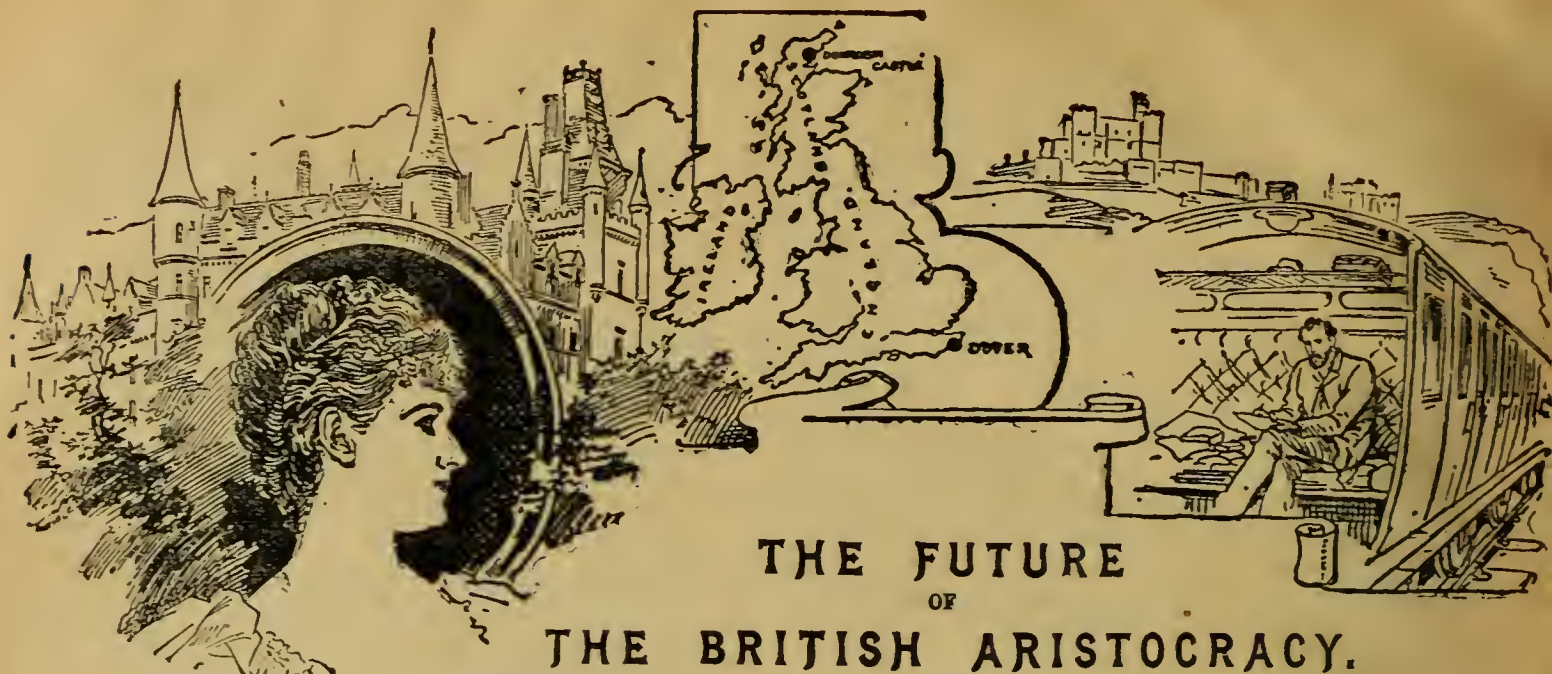
I began with the intention of summarising Mr. Goschen's speech last night at Edinburgh. But I have used up my space in showing how easily that and all similar speeches might be summarised if reported as music is written, by symbols. Mr. Goschen spoke two columns of the *Times*. If we suppose he occupied an hour, the report should be cut up into twelve bars of five minutes each, and sixty letters with as many decimal points would enable us to sum up his whole argument in half-a-dozen lines.

Report of Mr. Goschen's speech (new method). A. P. (after preamble).

C·1.h·1.c·1·i·4.c·1.c·4c·4.c·3.g·2.g·2.g·2.g·3.g·3.g·3.f·3.f·4.h·1·j·4 :

Of course this is imperfect. It would need a reporter with a stop watch to report it correctly. But it is evident that when once the new notation is learnt by heart, a glance at a letter or a number would often enable us to understand all that is reported in other papers over several columns. For instance, it would often be quite sufficient to print:— Last night at Paddington Lord Randolph Churchill—h·1. h·2.h·3.h·4.h·4.h·3.h·2.h·1. *ad lib.* Yesterday, at Derby, Sir W. Harcourt—12·1.12·1.12·1.12·2.12·2.12·2.12·3.12·3.12·3.8.

It would be a great saving of time and patience. If speakers said anything bright, humorous, or new, it could be printed; but the old stock-phrases are so familiar now, there is no need to report them otherwise than by the new system of political notation.



## THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY.

Lady Brooke: A Telepathic Automatic Interview.

ON returning to England on September 14th from Lucerne, it occurred to me that it might be an interesting feature in *The Daily Paper* to publish an interview with Lady Brooke upon the future of the British aristocracy. I had not seen Lady Brooke since the publication of the article, nor had I heard from her for several weeks, neither did I know where she was. I knew that she had been to Dunrobin on a visit to her sister the Duchess of Sutherland, but I did not know whether she had returned. I had no sooner seated myself in the carriage at Dover railway station, than I mentally asked Lady Brooke where she was, and whether she would have any objection to being interviewed upon the subject of the article on the peerage as part of "The Wasted Wealth of King Demos." My hand at once wrote that Lady Brooke was at Dunrobin Castle, and that she would be pleased to accord me an interview on the subject. The interview began in the ordinary way, the only difference being that my questions were all silently thought in my own mind, and Lady Brooke's answers were written with my hand in pencil on my knee.

"Well, Lady Brooke," I said, or rather thought, "what do you think now of that article, and of the possibility of carrying out its suggestions?" My hand wrote:—

"F. E. B. Since your article appeared it has been a constant theme of discussion here at Ultima Thule; my sister is charmed with it, her husband is also interested. I think you are quite right in saying that the Sutherlands made their county a kingdom. I am here, and I am delighted by finding on every hand the unmistakable evidence of the immense services which can be rendered to the people and the country by a nobleman who lives up to his ideas of his responsibility. You should come down to Dunrobin; I am sure my sister would be delighted to make you welcome and take you all round the country. It is a realised object-lesson of what may be done. I confess that it has been a

great encouragement to me. Here we live among reclaimed bogs, and among tenantry who are able to thrive where before they starved."

So far my hand wrote straight on without stopping. As it was writing the last lines—the message being written quite as rapidly as I usually write myself, although I had not any idea as to what was about to be written—I kept thinking, "Yes, that is all very well about the Sutherlands as benevolent landlords; but what about their evictions?" I had hardly framed the question in my own mind, when my hand wrote:—

"I know nothing about these of my own personal knowledge. I suppose that there were great hardships when the improvements were going on. But the Duke did not merely clear; he transplanted. The crofter, who had a miserable shieling and a croft where he starved, was given a homestead in Canada where he could prosper. If you wish to know the difference between the Scotch and Irish, contrast the Sutherland evictions with those of Irish landlords."

"All right," I thought, "that will do [about evictions; they are past—what about the future?]"

Then my hand wrote again:—

"But I will not discuss that. I want to remark that what was done in Sutherlandshire could never have been done but for the lavish use of immense wealth by the Duke. And that is just the weak point of your article. We are not a rich aristocracy. We are many of us deadly poor, and all the poorer because tradition, society, and pride make us go on living beyond our means."

The thought flashed through my mind, "What about plain living and high thinking?" Then my hand went on as if in answer to the suggestion:—

"It is not as if the aristocracy could set an example in this matter. They have been forced to go the pace which the *nouveaux riches* set. We have to live when corn is

30s. a quarter as when it is 50s.; but not only that, but to keep abreast, if not ahead, of the wealthy tradespeople who have come into land. The result is that we are, many of us, little better than splendid paupers. We dare not fall behind in the social race, and, as a result, we are like spent thoroughbreds. Whip and spur as you please, you will not be able to make us overtake the others. We shall break, but never surrender."

Then I thought, "If this be so, what about the scheme?"

Then Lady Brooke continued:—

"Now it is easy to see how all this tells upon your gorgeous scheme. I admit that much of it is splendid, and there are many who will gladly risk precipitating bankruptcy in order to try and realise so great an ideal; but speaking generally it is impossible, not from want of will, but from want of means."

"But," I said, "surely you can economise on expenditure that is stupid, and so obtain means that will enable you to work which is much better worth doing and much more interesting." My hand wrote:—

"You say, 'drop a house-party or two;' but you cannot do that so easily. Of course it can be done; but that omelette of yours cannot be cooked without the breaking of a great number of eggs. Nor can you drop your old friends even for the sake of new ones. How can you do away with senseless extravagance without pensioning off old servants? No; your dream of a regenerated aristocracy once more leading the nation is only a dream, unless something occurs to raise the price of land."

Then I asked, in despair, "Can nothing at all be done?" Then she wrote:—

"There are some peers who happen to have large urban estates. There are, among others, the Westminsters, the Bedfords, the Northamptons, and others who might be named. Then there are those who have married bankers' daughters and American heiresses. These may have the means, but none else."

By this time the train had reached Canterbury, and as I was rather sleepy, having been travelling all night from Lucerne, I suspended the interview. An hour afterwards I was getting out of the train at Victoria Station when my manager met me. I asked him if he had brought me any letters. He said, "I have only brought one from Lady Brooke."

"I wonder," said I, "if it is on the same lines as what she has been writing with my hand in the train?"

Judge my satisfaction, when I read the letter, to find that Lady Brooke had written with her own hand, and on her own motion, a letter to me which embodied the salient points of the interview. In fact, the letter was so like the interview, that were it not that I had written the interview between Dover and Canterbury, and did not receive the letter until I had arrived in London, anyone would simply have thought that I had expanded the letter into the interview. I at once wrote to Lady Brooke and informed her of what had happened. I then submitted to her the foregoing interview, asking her to indicate whether any of the ideas or observations contained in the interview had been consciously present to her mind before they were written out by my

hand, and whether in the case of any of it she had any conscious recollection of thinking, or whether or not they were in accord with her opinions. Lady Brooke's answer is as follows:—

"It is most extraordinary, but you have been able to write down my thoughts with wonderful exactitude. But I would like to add the following further observations:—The dropping of a house-party or two has little to do with the question of expence. One man costs as much to entertain as another, and in your programme you point out that the aristocracy *must* keep 'open house.' If we entertain 'Society' friends, or entertain the servants of the state, municipalities, etc., it is all the same as far as outlay goes to the entertainer. Then the curtailing of expence in estate management means throwing many out of employment. The inhabitants of the villages round *depend* on work from the great house and estate—forty years' service being common to the men. These have to be pensioned or starve. A man prefers to *let* his place to the rich 'parvenu,' rather than turn off his dependants and live in the midst of them in their distress. In Essex alone nearly every large place is either let or shut up, owners being unable to pay more than the taxes and rates on their properties. They are powerless to *sell*, the estates being 'entailed.' The labouring class does not profit by this. They work for strangers who may or may not take an interest in them, but who more often, having no old associations in the place, refuse the sympathy and ready help that the old landlord's family took in every man, woman, and child on his estate. Nothing can help this state of things until the 'aristocracy' can live in their own homes once more."

As these pages were passing through the press, Lady Brooke told me that the attention of the public ought to be called betimes to the alarming prospect before many of the rural districts this winter. "In Essex," she said, "the distress is already attaining lamentable proportions. The great failure of crops, which had resulted from the drought, is leading to the reduction of wages in all directions, and what is much worse, is throwing out of employment many labourers. Wages in Essex are always very low, but they have gone down during the last few weeks to starvation point. In one district the agricultural labourers are not receiving more than 8s. a week, and they are glad to get that. In the Dunmow Union workhouse there are at the present moment sixty more inmates than there has ever been before at this time of the year. Usually the labourer succeeds in tiding over the October and November months by the earnings he has made during the harvest. But this year there was hardly any harvest to gather. The outlook is very serious. There are few wealthy men in the county, and it is difficult to see where the funds are to come from if anything is to be done to cope with the widespread distress."

Lady Brooke spoke with an earnestness born of painful personal acquaintance with the actual miseries of her poorer neighbours. If there are any persons in Essex with the means and the will to help their fellow-men, they have at least a centre of union and inspiration at Easton Lodge.

## IN PLACE OF MORNING SERVICE.

### WATCHWORDS OF HEROES.

TRUST in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.—Prov. iii. 5, 6.

These words were inscribed on the walls of General Gordon's bedroom at Rockstone Place, Southampton, so that they met the eye on waking.

"Thy lot in life is seeking after thee. Therefore be thou at rest from seeking after it."

One of the sayings of Ali, the son-in-law of Mahomet, and one of the greatest and most beloved of all the Caliphs, of whom he was fourth.

### COLLECT FOR THE DAY.

THE DAILY PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

"My God and my All! Who art Thou, my sweetest Lord and God? And who am I, a poor little worm, Thy servant? Most holy Lord, I wish to love Thee! Most sweet Lord, I wish to love Thee! O Lord, my God, I have given Thee all my heart, and all my body, and I most earnestly desire, if I only knew how, to do still more for Thy Love. Amen."

### LESSON FOR THE DAY.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,  
For another heir in his earldom sate;  
An old bent man, worn out and frail,  
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail.  
Little he recked of his earldom's loss.  
No more on his surcoat was brazoned the cross,  
But deep in his soul the sign he bore,  
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

\* \* \* \* \*

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms,"  
. . . Sir Launfal sees only the gruesome thing,  
The leper, lank as the rain-blanch'd bone,  
That cowers beside him. . . . .

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee  
An image of Him who died on the tree.  
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,  
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns;  
Mild Mary's son, acknowledge me,  
Behold, through him, I give to thee" . . . .

The leper no longer crouched by his side,  
But stood before him glorified;  
Himself the Gate, whereby man can  
Enter the Temple of God in man.

\* \* \* \* \*

And the voice that was calmer than silence said.  
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid.  
In many climes without avail  
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;  
Behold it is here—this cup, which thou  
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;  
This crust is my body broken for thee,  
This water His blood that died on the tree;  
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,  
In what so we share with another's need;  
Not what we give, but what we share,  
For the gift without the giver is bare.  
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—  
Himself his hungering neighbour, and me."

LOWELL

### THE HOMILY FOR THE DAY.

"RELIGION," says Emerson, "is as inexpugnable as the use of lamps or of wells or of chimneys. We must have days, and temples, and teachers. A wise man advises that we should see to it, that we read and speak two or three reasonable words every day amid the crowd of affairs and the noise of trifles. We no longer recite the old creeds of Athanasius or Arius. The forms are flexible, but the uses not less real. The old heart remains with its old human duties. Here is thought and love [and truth and duty, new as on the first day of Adam and of angels." Attendance at morning service is for the most of us an impossibility. In many of our churches there is no morning service, and where the service is there are too often no worshippers. Even family prayers, in the rush and scurry of catching trains, the irregularity of business hours, and the decay of positive religious belief, has largely gone out of vogue, to the immense loss of family and social life. But still, in Emerson's phrase, "the old heart remains," and the old heart craves for something more satisfying than the ground bottle glass of party polemics, the endless wranglings between the ins and outs, or even the vast resonance that fills the press with the echo of the innumerable happenings of yesterday.

Therefore in *The Daily Paper* every day, this page, and that which adjoins, will be set apart as sacred to the old human duties which fill the old human heart. It may be a poor substitute for morning service or family prayers, but for thousands it will be the only alternative—the only voice audible in the babel of life echoing in modern dialect the cry of the Muezzin. Every day will have its watchword culled from those which have been the mainstay of heroes and the inspiration of saints. Every day will have its brief collect, selected from the immense range of devotional literature that has welled from the human heart "since the first man stood God-conquered, with his face to Heaven upturned," and every day will have its poem or its hymn, its canticle or its psalm, selected with such appropriateness to suit the circumstances of the day as is possible. And every day also will have its brief homily—a discourse addressed by earnest men and women of all creeds to our readers—based when possible upon some of these events of the day, which are the living texts of our time. In addition to this meditation on the events of the passing hour, there will be a page devoted to the memory of men and women of renown and of holiness, whose lives have made fragrant the centuries that are past. "The fortifications of the City of God," says Richter, "have been founded by the Ancients of every age by the history of their own. He who knows not the Ancients is the creature of a day, who sees the sun neither rise nor set." So each day shall have its saint, or sage, or hero, and we shall in time construct a new Calendar out of all the calendars, and familiarise the heirs of all the ages with the saints and heroes of all climes and of all religions. Nor need any of our readers fear that in this new hagiology there will be any limitation bounded by shibboleths. Where Good is, there God is; where Love is, there Christ is, and wherever a human being sacrifices himself for the service of his fellow, there is the Holy Spirit. Nor shall we wait for a hundred years before we add our saints to the Calendar. To promote the union of all who love for the service of all who suffer is the purpose of these pages, and I venture to hope that even the most cursory reader will find sometimes a momentary calm retreat among the thoughts and the memories, the aspirations and the prayers of the heroes of our race.



## THE SAINT FOR THE DAY: ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

"My brother, when thou seest a poor man, behold in him a mirror of the Lord." The author of this saying, St. Francis of Assisi, died October 4th, 1226, at the age of forty-five. The fourth, therefore, is his day in the Calendar, and on that account is one of the most notable in the year. For Francis, the Italian, founder of the Franciscan Order, one of which, the Friars Minor, numbers to-day twenty-five thousand, who are scattered all over the world, is the greatest saint of the Roman Church. "Christianity," according to Ruskin, "up to the end of the twelfth century, had gone on doing her best for four hundred years, and the best seemed to have come to very little, when there rose up two men who vowed to God it should come to more. And they made it come to more forthwith." Of these two great religious powers and reformers of the thirteenth century, St. Francis, who taught men how to behave, was the chief. He was the great apostle of good works. When our ancestors were valiantly re-establishing the desecrated temple of English liberty by means of the Magna Charta, Francis in Italy was at the same time re-establishing the philanthropy of Christ by founding that "Sacred Army of Jesus Christ," the Order of St. Francis.

The story of his life is the story of the struggle of a man who had the heart of Christ imprisoned in the body of an Italian, struggling against the lusts of the flesh by the methods of a father, and endeavouring to save the world by making the passion of pity and the enthusiasm of self-sacrifice the mainsprings of an organisation that adapted to mediæval notions the iron discipline of Imperial Rome. What Lowell preached in "The Vision of Sir Launfal," Francis preached. He, too, met his Christ in leper's shape, learnt the great secret of the true Sacrament.

"The Holy Supper is kept indeed  
In whatso we share with another's need."

It was when he was still in his early youth, immediately after he had received the first call that brought him from the couch to the camp for the service of man, that he met his Lord. Says the chronicler—

Now, as he was riding one day over the plain of Assisi, he met a leper, whose sudden appearance filled him with fear and horror; but forthwith, calling to mind that if he would be a soldier of Christ he must first overcome himself, he dismounted from his horse and went to meet the leper that he might embrace him; and when the poor man stretched out his hand to receive an alm, he kissed it and filled it with money. Having again mounted his horse, he looked around him over the wide and open plain, but nowhere could he see the leper.

From that day he sought his Lord continually, with fervent prayer and much agony of soul and body, cheered at times by heavenly visions, for he dwelt in the Borderland, and to his clairvoyant eye many things were plainly visible which others could not see, until at last he saw his way. It was the Way of the Cross. He sold all that he had, and dedicated himself to the service of God. Hastening to the bishop, he stripped himself to the rough hair shirt he wore next his body, and renounced his inheritance. From that moment Poverty, which most men dread, became to him the thing

most to be desired in all the earth. As a knight worshipped the lady of his love, so Francis exulted in his mystic devotion to "Thy Lady Poverty, the Queen of all the Virtues, and the Seal of Thy Kingdom. Oh, who would not love the Lady Poverty above all! O most poor Jesus, I ask this favour for myself and my children for ever, that for love of Thee they may never possess anything of their own, that they may use the goods of others sparingly, and that they may suffer poverty as long as they live in this miserable world." This passion for poverty, this ecstatic longing for what all men dread, is the distinguishing note which separates this Italian saint as by an infinite abyss from the world in which we live. When he heard the text in which is recorded Christ's instruction to His Apostles, bidding them to take neither gold nor silver nor money in their purses, Francis was filled with inconceivable joy. "This," he said, "is what I above all things desire, that is what my whole soul craves." And when, after solemn prayer to God for guidance, he three times opened the Holy Book, seeking for guidance, he came on the first time upon the text: "If thou wilt be perfect,

go and sell all that thou hast and give to the poor." The second time the text was: "Take nothing for your journey." And the third time: "He who will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me." Upon these three corner stones, reposes the stately fabric of the Franciscan Order.

It is impossible here even to sketch in merest outline the labours of this hero-saint of mediæval philanthropy. I can only allude to his all-consuming passion of pity, his delight in sacrifice, to his almost savage combat



ST. FRANCIS AND THE LEPER.

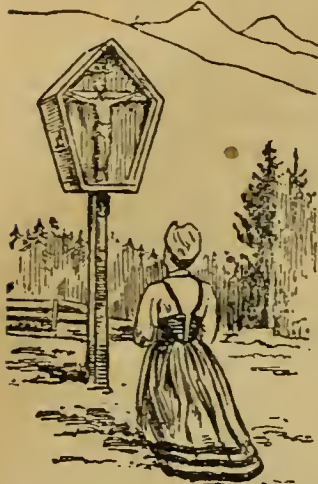
against the flesh and its temptations and lusts. There was a strong animal nature in this man, which sometimes almost proved too strong for his imperious soul. What he would have been had he not lived so sparsely and disciplined his body—"Brother Ass," he used to call it—with almost inconceivable austerities, it is difficult even to imagine. Even as it was the flames of temptation were sometimes so fierce that the saintly ascetic had to plunge naked, in midwinter, into snowdrifts, and lie there half frozen, the more perfectly to subdue his domestic enemy. Think of it as we please, this man wrestled as for the life of his immortal soul against the Tempter within.

"I should be accounted a thief by the great Almsgiver were I to withhold that which I wear from him who has greater need of it than I," said St. Francis on one occasion, when in the bitter cold he stripped himself of his cloak to give it to a poor man whom he met on his way to Siena. He was an invalid at the time, and his companions remonstrated with him. "It is fitting," he said, "that I should restore this cloak to this poor man, for it is his. And I accepted it only till I should find some one poorer than myself." To-day, ten per cent. of this spirit among the Haves would be the salvation of the Have-Nots.

## A NATIONAL THEATRE OF THE PRESS.

### Interview with Miss Robins.

THREE years ago, shortly after I had returned from Ober-Ammergau, a lady called at my office and asked me if I could give her introductions to the Burgomaster and leading actors in the sacred drama then being performed in the Bavarian Highlands. The lady, who was a stranger to me, explained that she was an actress on the London stage, who desired to study the Ammergau play, not so much from the point of view of the spectator as from that of the professional artiste. She wanted to go behind the scenes, to watch the play from the back of the stage, and to learn all



about the way in which this unique peasant troupe overcame all the familiar practical difficulties which confront those who mount and act stage plays. There was about my visitor such a genuine enthusiasm in her art, such a healthy practical scientific determination to see whatever could be seen that might enable her more fully to understand the possibilities of the drama, that I gladly gave her the introductions she required, and begged her to call again after her return.

That was my first introduction to Miss Elizabeth Robins, then comparatively but little known, for she had not at that time won her brilliant reputation as the creator on the English stage of several of the most difficult rôles in Ibsen's plays. Like the rest of us she made the pilgrimage to Ober-Ammergau and stayed under the hospitable roof of the good King Herod. The kindly village folks, from the Burgomaster downwards, facilitated her study of the play from behind the scenes, and after spending a delightful fortnight under the shadow of the Cross-crowned Kofel she returned to London. True to her promise she called upon me when she came back. She was as full as ever of enthusiasm for her art, but the faith and devotion of the Tyrolese peasants, and the inspiration of the memory of the Passion Play, seemed to have wrought a change in her. When she called the second time she appeared to be charged with a personal mission and an authoritative message. Never since the Marechale, Miss Booth, descended upon me at the editorial sanctum of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the early spring of 1885 had any visitor come to me with such earnest remonstrance and eloquent appeal.

"How dare you?"—such was the substance although not the words of Miss Robins' discourse—"How dare you leave the theatre alone as if it did not exist? You, too, who have seen at Ober-Ammergau what an immense engine it can be made for the highest of all purposes! Do you not think it absolutely wicked on your part to stand aside, refusing to give a helping hand to those who are endeavouring to make the stage something worthy of England?"

"What can I do?" I asked, somewhat plaintively. "Have I not enough to do elsewhere? I have never been in a theatre in my life—except at Ober-Ammergau. How can I help?"

And then Miss Robins insisted, much as Mr. Bram Stoker had insisted years before, that it was precisely this utter inexperience of the stage, so unique in a London editor, that would enable me to bring a perfectly fresh

mind to the task of observing the stage as it is. Mr. Stoker was Mr. Irving's secretary then, and I well remember how emphatically he declared that no one could help the drama more than some one in my position, if he would take the trouble to go round all the theatres and put on record exactly what he saw and how it impressed him. I admitted there might be a certain piquancy in the first impressions of a journalist who waits until he is forty to enter a theatre, but I doubted the value of the observations of a tyro, and it seemed to me then that I had other work to do that had a prior claim upon my attention.

Miss Robins was more persistent and more persuasive. Besides she had Ober-Ammergau and its memories to support her. "You see what the theatre is in that village. Why do you refuse to help those who are spending their lives in trying to make the theatre as great an agency for good in England as it is in Ammergau?"

"How many are there of you who take their profession so seriously?" I asked.

"More than you think," she replied with spirit; "and the fewer we are the meaner it is for you to refuse to help."

"I admit it," I said; "if there is any chance of doing any good. But it seems such a hopeless task."

"Not at all," she replied. "Look at Ammergau. It is not merely the fact that these peasants perform the Passion Play every ten years that is so remarkable. Every winter they put plays on the stage—classical and modern plays—every part in which is filled by the men and women who correspond in station to our agricultural labourers and dairy-maids. The theatre there is a popular university, a means of culture that could be supplied by no other institution. Just imagine what it would be to England if we had such a theatre in every village!"

"Ah, yes," I said sighing; "there I agree with you. But why is it possible at Ober-Ammergau? Because there the theatre is as much a department of church work as the Sunday-school or the prayer meeting. But what chance have we of tacking the Theatre to the Church in this country? What a howl there was—Mr. Spurgeon leading off—when I ventured to say, years ago, that the ideal church would run a theatre!"

"There is not much chance of a church theatre in England," said Miss Robins. "But there is struggling into existence a theatre which in its essence is a religious theatre—that is to say, a theatre which regards life and art seriously, which lives by the faith which it has in the ideal, and which will never be content until it has made the stage a leading element of the national life. But what are you doing to help us? Nothing. In the battle which we are waging against great odds for our art, you never lift a finger or say a word; you sterilise the whole of your influence, and because you cannot secure what you admit to be an unattainable ideal, you refuse to do the good that lies ready to your hand ready and waiting to be done."

"I daresay you are right," I said, "but at present I can do for you nothing that is worth doing. Some day when I have a paper of my own, come and see me again! I know my present attitude is inconsistent with my general line on every other subject. In dealing with monarchy, aristocracy, or the Roman Church, I am on the other tack. Some day I shall deal with the theatre on the same lines. But not yet."

Miss Robins has often seen me since then, and always has pressed her inquiry, "When are you going to help us?"

At last one fine day last summer I said to her, "If I establish a daily paper, will you help me to treat the theatre seriously?"

"Come and see me," she replied, "and we will talk it over."

So one summer afternoon I climbed the curious airy outside stairs which lead to Miss Robins' eyrie at the top of Manchester Mansions, and was soon in deep discussion with "Hedda Gabler" as to what the press might do to help the stage?

"The real practical question," I said, "is not that, but rather what can you do to help the press to deal rightly with the stage! Will you be dramatic critic in chief for *The Daily Paper*? Your art is your religion," I added, "and you at least would bring a heart and soul and brain to the task. Your standpoint and your objective are mine. Would you take the post if I were in a position to offer it to you? Because if you would it should be at your disposal."

"My dear friend," said Miss Robins, "who am I that I should presume to accept such a position? I have neither the time nor the training nor the influence."

"All of which is nonsense," I replied; "but, even if it be true, I don't mind. For you have faith, and without faith there is no salvation—not even for dramatic critics."

"I have faith in my art," said Miss Robins; "but that is another thing from having faith in myself."

"But I have faith in you," I persisted, "and if you refuse, I know no other man or woman whom I would care to trust in this matter. If you say 'No,' I shall go on, leaving the theatre to take care of itself; but it is you who will be to blame."

"No—no," said Miss Robins. "You cannot shuffle off your responsibility in that fashion. What is wanted is not my help, but yours. When are you going to make that long-promised tour of the theatres, in order that you may see with your own eyes exactly what the stage is to-day? It would at least be a step in advance for all of us to feel that another serious man had at last condescended to treat the stage as seriously as he treats politics, literature, or religion. And the observations of a perfectly fresh mind upon the familiar conventionalities and unrealities in stage business and acting could hardly fail to be instructive and helpful."

"My 'First Nights' might be good copy," I said. "I am doubtful whether they would be useful enough to compensate for the abandonment of the position which I have maintained up till now. I am sure it would not, unless I can secure your help."

"How can I help?" she answered. "I am playing every night. After my present engagement is over I am dreaming of an Ibsen tour in the United States. It is a physical impossibility for me to help."

"Listen," I replied. "Of course you cannot be in two places at one time, unless you can double! But this is what I think might be done. Why not let us have a small committee of those who, as you phrase it, take the theatre seriously. Let us lunch together, say, once a week and settle what is to be seen and said."

"Who shall be members of that committee?" she asked.

"The committee in the first place shall be," I replied, "a committee of one, with power to add to its number."



MISS ROBINS.

"And that one?"

"Must be Miss Robins—who, I hope, will not exclude me from the committee as the freshman of the theatre. As for the others, they will be those whom you shall select as the best men and women interested in making the theatre realise your ideal."

"But what could that committee do?"

"Many things—perhaps in time everything that you want to have done. Round your lunch table we could gather a consensus of the best opinion going as to what was good or otherwise in play or player in all London."

"But who should write your criticisms?"

"That is a detail. The important question to be settled is, who shall decide what shall be written, from what standpoint, with what objective? Who shall give the cue, who shall set the tune—in short, who shall be on the press what the Comédie Française is for the French theatre?"

"What you are aiming at," said Miss Robins, "can never be realised until we have a National Theatre."

"But why should we not start a National Theatre?" I asked. "We can at least build it on the astral plane."

"What a capital idea!" said Miss Robins. "Now, I do call that a really practical and most useful suggestion. I will go into that with all my heart. And who knows, but after we have constructed the National Theatre in the paper, it may materialise itself in bricks and mortar? I see endless developments in that notion. Yes; there I can help, for that seems likely to be really useful."

"Thanks—very much," I said. "Then we may regard that as settled, and if we start *The Daily Paper*, you and your committee will start—on the astral plane of course—the National Theatre, which would be really existing in London if the serious people had not abandoned the stage to the buffoon and the ballet-dancer."

"Yes, and a great deal you have to answer for," said Miss Robins, "you serious people, and a great deal of leeway you have to make up; but this idea of constructing a National Theatre, an English Comédie Française, on paper is perfectly charming. For instance, I suppose we will begin with drawing up rules, and then proceed to programmes."

"Certainly. Every week we will publish the list of pieces that would have been played if the National Theatre had existed."

"And oh what entertaining descriptions we shall have written of these imaginary representations in a Non-existent Theatre by real actors! But don't you think the element of unreality will be a difficulty?"

"Not at all. Two hundred thousand persons, let us say, will read the paper. Of these three thousand, say, saw Mr. Irving bring out his new piece at the Lyceum. To all the other one hundred and ninety-seven thousand the play is non-existent except for the description in the paper. Hence to all but a mere fraction the imaginary performances at our National Theatre on the astral plane would be every whit as real as the play at the Lyceum or the Haymarket. And if the work was well done, we should before long materialise that theatre into actual existence."

"What a blessed vision!" said Miss Robins. "Oh, if only it were possible! But how?"

"It is easy enough," said I, "if only you will think your ideas out into black and white. A penny a day from twenty thousand people would give you a subvention of £30,000 a year."

"Ah, yes. But your twenty thousand people?"

"They will come along like bees when once we get the National Theatre established in the Press."

## YESTERDAYS OF LONG AGO: THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS.

As one of the features of *The Daily Paper* I propose from time to time, in the absence of any more interesting and exciting news among the events of yesterday, to report what happened on the "Yesterdays of Long Ago." No one knows the exact date when the battle of Salamis, one of the greatest and most decisive of all the battles of the world, was fought, excepting that it was well into the autumn, and to-day will do as well as any other for publishing this narrative. All yesterdays when they have passed have gone by for ever, and the number of years which intervenes between any particular yesterday and to-day is comparatively immaterial. The narrative which follows is supposed to have been written by a war correspondent who was told off to follow the fortunes of the Greeks struggling against the Persian invasion.

### GREAT NAVAL BATTLE OFF SALAMIS!

#### TRIUMPH OF THE GREEKS.

#### THE PERSIAN FLEET DESTROYED.

#### TERRIBLE CARNAGE.

#### XERXES IN FULL FLIGHT.

#### THE STRATEGY OF THEMISTOCLES.

#### INTERVIEW WITH THE GREEK ADMIRAL.

#### SPECIAL DESCRIPTIVE DISPATCH FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT WITH THE GREEK FLEET.

#### HEADQUARTERS OF THE GREEKS, SALAMIS. *Wednesday Night, 480 B.O.*

Victory has at last crowned the standards of the Greeks! To-day the decisive battle has been fought, and the Persian fleet has been smashed. The fighting lasted all day; prodigies of valour were performed by the allied forces; and at its close one-third of the invading Armada was destroyed, and the rest is in full flight southward.

The sun has now set, and the air is filled with the jubilant songs of the victors. Already far down the coast the flames are flashing upwards from fires fed with the wreckage of the Persian ships. Every few minutes, scouts whom I have despatched along the shore to get the latest tidings of the flying galleys' return, bringing fresh news of the completeness of the Greek victory. Even as I write, a messenger arrives breathless announcing that the Great King, who witnessed the downfall of all his hopes, is about to fly to Asia. Nothing can describe the despair and confusion that reign in the Persian camp.

When I sent off my last dispatch, it had been decided, against the strenuous protests of the Athenian admiral, to abandon Salamis and retreat on Corinth, where the Peloponnesian leaders hoped to fight a new and more victorious Thermopylæ. Yesterday I spent a dolorous day amid the Athenian refugees encamped houseless and homeless on the island. They acquiesced in sullen apathy in the resolve of their allies to leave them to their fate. Men, women and children, they sat and gazed from the barren island across to Attica, at the red glow in the eastern evening sky which marked where sacred Athens once had been, and passed gloomily from mouth to mouth the whispers which have been wafted across the water, of that last scene of butchery, when the Acropolis, with the fanatical handful who refused to leave Athens, went down at length before the insulted Persian myriads. Such was the Athenian plight. Yet the Athenian Admiral, Themistocles, obstinately held out with his single voice against all his colleagues in favour of staying and giving battle in the strait. The creator of the Athenian navy, he believes in it absolutely: and in spite of every one and everything,

this remarkable man contrived to keep the entire fleet of the allies here in the harbour of Salamis till the great Armada, moving up from that of Phalerum, where it lay till last night, made to-day's death-grip inevitable.

#### THE EXILE AND HIS NEWS.

How this was compassed—how for two days the chafing allies were detained here—only Themistocles himself can fully know. All I can tell you is this: Council after council had been held, reports were current of sensational personal scenes between Themistocles and his colleagues. Late last night—it wanted but a few hours to dawn—I was hanging about outside the Admiral of the Fleet's tent for news of the final council of war. The council had been sitting for hours. Now and again I caught an angry voice as the debate waxed warmer and wearier. Suddenly a light fishing-boat was run on shore hard by, and in a moment Themistocles was being summoned out from the council to speak with none other than—Aristides! The next thing I saw was Themistocles impulsively falling on his old rival's neck, while the man whom he had driven into exile, and who now came to rejoin his countrymen in their hour of need, accepted the embrace with emotion. Then I heard Themistocles say, "Go in—tell the admirals your news yourself. From me these wisecracks would not believe it." Aristides obeyed, and I at once stepped up and asked Themistocles if I might know what news it was that had come in this dramatic manner. The Admiral answered with the greatest readiness. "Good news! the best possible! We are shut into the bay. Xerxes has surrounded us. Aristides has slipped through them with the utmost difficulty, hugging the shore from Ægina. As it was, his light craft was almost run down by a tall Liburnian, from which he caught in the darkness barbarian words of command. Now let them flee to the Isthmus if they can! There will be a fight at dawn, and the Greek ranks will be closed by that best of all generals,—Necessity!" He paused, and then added in a low voice, "If they did but know all. . . . But the time to speak is not yet. Only mark me: Salamis shall be the day of Themistocles as much as ever Marathon was of Miltiades, and more also. And now go and sleep, I counsel you: for with daylight you shall see such things as neither you nor the world shall ever forget."

With this he turned and went up the gangway. Pondering over this strange interview with the man of the moment, I took his advice, and was no sooner in my quarters than asleep. It seemed but a moment after that a slave woke me, exclaiming, "Come and look!" and I dashed out into the chilly dawn to see a sight which took my breath away.

#### THE SIGHT AT DAWN.

Underneath the faint autumnal beams of the rising sun the shores of Attica rose purple across the dark blue of the strait, only a mile away, and right along them, far as the eye could sweep, from the low flats of Phalerum northward to the last visible bluff of Mount Ægaleus, lay in one long endless line the Persian Armada. Prow after prow, it fringed the strait from end to end, shutting off the north-western equally with the south-eastern outlet. I lost count when I was near a thousand sail; and I heard the tale being taken up by awe-struck groups along the shore. Clearly the fight off Artemisium, and the storms by which heaven itself had seemed to try to lessen the fearful disparity between the opposing navies, had but singed the Great King's beard. And with this flotilla the three hundred and odd ships of the Grecian Allies must needs grapple. Escape but by fight there was none. Already, as I looked, the extremities of the line seemed to

be curving in upon us, and the tall beaks right opposite to grow taller and closer ranged as they stood nearer in, as if to fit a bow-string to the bent bow of the harbour of Salamis.

#### THE OVERTURE TO THE DRAMA.

Round me in the harbour meanwhile all was bustle and excitement; here leaders haranguing their men, there crews launching triremes from the beach where they were stranded. Soon all were afloat. A stiff breeze, blowing over the southern promontories of the island, swept across the strait into the teeth of the barbarians, and drove the white horses against their prows; but they came on with labouring oars, and the Greeks drifted out on wind and tide to meet them. Now I could faintly hear signals and words of command from the foremost Persian ships. Suddenly a great shout filled the air and made my blood tingle,—a full-throated chant of battle: and as they raised it the Greeks bent to their oars and shot out into the strait, the sun shining on the raised spears of their fighting-men. Then, as the chant died away, there came back against the wind a long, shrill wail from the innumerable, many-languaged throats of the Persian host. Ship after ship they seemed to take it up along their line, till as it ran round the strait you would have thought the horizon was lined with Persians. The Greeks seemed to pause a moment to listen; and as they did many a heart among them must have quailed. Indeed, some began to back water, and a few ships even stranded again.

#### THE BATTLE.

Next minute, from the Athenian squadron on the left, out shot an adventurous trireme, and at full speed of wind, tide and oar, dashed in among the Phœnicians opposite. In a minute the whole fleet seemed to be engaged. The confusion was indescribable. Ever and anon, above the continuous splash of the thousands of plying oars and the shouts of combat, came a great crash, as one wooden leviathan, with all the strength of 200 pairs of hands, drove its pitiless brazen ram into another. I saw stern after stern rear up for one reeling moment as a shattered vessel filled, and went down by the head, flinging its hundreds of rowers and fighters into the water, so crowded that the topmost and outermost of a trireme's three tiers of oars was continually fouling foe or friend. In such water as this the struggling heads were soon beaten under. Now and again the fight thickened round two or three ships, which, locked together, were become mere platforms for the hand-to-hand tussle of boarders and boarded.

#### THE TWO AUDIENCES: EUROPE AND ASIA.

Wild as was the confusion, the clear air and nearness showed us the medley with fearful distinctness, and the crowd on the shore were as much moved as the combatants. All round the harbour stood Athenian men, women, and children, cheering and cursing, weeping and laughing by turns, as their eyes followed the fortune of some particular ship. Many, to see the better, stood on a pitiful heap of their houseless goods, which lay about the shore. As a group watched its favourite vessel charging another, the very bodies of the watchers swayed in time with the oars; and as the combatants drove their ram home, or wheeled to escape that of an enemy, or locked in the boarding death-grapple, so the spectators were transported with horror or exultation. It was a moving sight; and, to complete it, a mile away across the narrow sea where the drama was enacting, the Attic shore throbbed and swarmed with another audience, the Great King's land forces, to the number of half a million, and in the midst of them, conspicuous on a sort of Grand Stand, erected on a rocky nab of Mount Ægaleos, clearly visible from Salamis, Xerxes himself. So Europe and Asia looked on to see their fate decided.

#### THE VICTORY AND ITS CAUSES.

And so the fight went on, as the sun climbed high in the heaven: so it went on, as the day waned into afternoon: hour after hour passed, and still the savage death-grip in the scething strait, the watching crowds on either shore, these wearied not nor flagged. But, steadily and surely, as the day grew old, the tide of ships set eastward and northward and southward, and away from Salamis. The multitude of the Persians was their weakness. If they kept line they had no room to manœuvre, an art in which

the King's Phœnicians and Ionians, at least, would otherwise have fairly equalled the Athenians and Peloponnesians opposite them, whatever may be said of the Cilicians and Pamphylians of the Persian centre. Again and again a Greek ship could dash at an entangled group, like a wolf at huddled sheep. Then, again, when it came to boarding, the Persians were outmatched. They fought bravely indeed, as befits the men who, under Cyrus, swept empires. As for the naked, barbarous auxiliaries whom the Great King has dragged up from the outskirts of an Empire which is itself a world, even they were readier to face the Greeks before them than the angry despot watching them behind, with his recorders round him. But how could Phrygian cap and Persian tunic, to say nothing of Æthiopian palm-leaf or the grotesque wooden hat of the Caucasus, stand against the brazen Hoplite in brass from head to foot? The Persian dart artillery was very effective. But once on board, the disciplined Greek charge thrust the enemy into the sea, just as it did ten years ago on the plain of Marathon. Wicker shield and scimitar must go down before the great round Homeric shield, the helm, the spear, and sword.

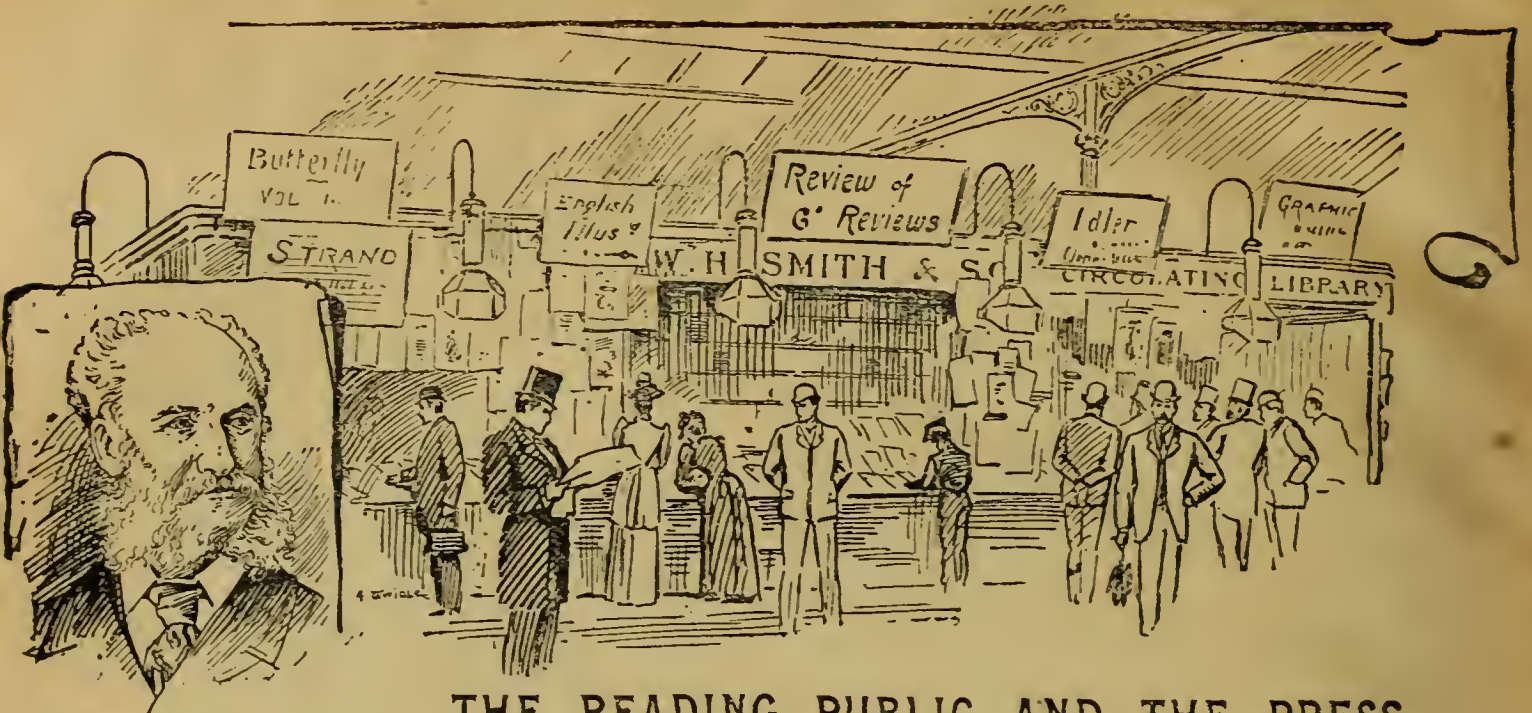
As the evening began to darken, the Persian defeat quickened into a rout, and a fleet, which is still in its ruin twice as big as that of the allies, fled hotly to south and east before the eyes of Xerxes. The mightiest Armada which the world has ever seen was broken and beaten.

#### A CLOSING SCENE ON PSITTALY ISLAND.

I saw with my own eyes an episode which came as a kind of bloody postscript to the day's work. To complete the blockade of the strait, Xerxes had also in the early morning landed a large body of picked men—the Persian Old Guard—on the little island of Psittaly in the southern jaws of the strait. His thought was that the wrecks and fugitives would drift down here, and here the Guard would dispatch any who got to land. Now, in the twilight, the tide of battle was indeed drifting past the island; but the panic-stricken, labouring fugitives were of the host of Xerxes. The Persians on the island saw that they were being left in the lurch, and crowding to the rocks facing the Attic shore, stretched their arms to one flying ship after another, but in vain. As I stood on the southern promontory of Salamis, watching the poor wretches, Aristides launched a shipload of hoplites to clear the island, and I was privileged to accompany him. Seeing us draw near, the barbarians left the rocks at once, and drawing up in line, prepared to meet their doom like men. When our prow grounded, they presented a solid wall of wicker shields. The hoplites formed coolly on the beach, and ran at the wall with lowered pikes. As they came near, they were saluted by a deadly hail of small darts; but next moment the serried pikes crashed into the wicker wall, broke it, and swept the fragments down, down irresistibly to the dark sea. At the very edge, among the broken rocks, there was a scattering into groups and a flashing and clashing of scimitar against sword and spear—deadly slashes those scimitars give, too, as the gaping bodies on the shore afterwards testified—but in a moment all was over. I saw the death of the last Persian. Disarmed, a couple of tawny, brown-limbed athletes, Spartan or Athenian, were stripping the poor wretch previous to despatching him. Ripping off his light tunic and trousers, with rough jests at these latter Oriental effeminacies, they exposed on the white and tender skin of the 'back (skin such as the naked-wrestling Greek is unaccustomed to see save on a woman) a number of strange, dark, parallel lines—scars of the lash of Xerxes, barely healed—perhaps from the famous scourging with which the infuriated despot drove his men up to the deadly mouth of the shambles of Thermopylæ. "Does the king send white women and beaten slaves against us?" shouted one of the Greeks, as the Oriental writhed in his grasp; then, with one strong and skilful wrestler's heave, flung the man neck and heels over a steep crag into the sea.

*Postscript.*—As I conclude this dispatch, an incredible rumour is circulating in Salamis that it was Themistocles who led the king to cut off retreat and force a combat, by sending him a message that "his enemies were going to fly and escape him."

*Later.*—I have seen the slave whom Themistocles sent. It is quite true.



MR. FAUX.

## THE READING PUBLIC AND THE PRESS.

An Interview with Mr. Faux of W. H. Smith and Son's.

IN England centralisation is the order of the day, notably in newspapers, but still more notably in libraries. So far as this country is concerned there are only two lending libraries worth speaking of: one is Mudie's, and the other is W. H. Smith and Son's. W. H. Smith and Son's is much more national than Mudie's, for W. H. Smith and Son have not only their great central depôt in the Strand, which corresponds to Messrs. Mudie's library in Oxford Street, but they have also six hundred agents throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is this which enables them to be in much closer touch with the reading public than Mudie. Nor is it only in this that W. H. Smith and Son have superior advantages in ascertaining what the English people read. Mudie confines himself to books and magazines; but W. H. Smith and Son supply all manner of printed literature, and deal more largely even in daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals than they do in books. If it were possible to get Mr. White, who is at the head of the news department; Mr. Kingdon, who deals with periodicals and books for sale; and Mr. Faux, who is at the head of the circulating library, together in one room, that room would contain within its four walls more accumulated experience as to the reading tastes of the British public than any other room in the three kingdoms. Without venturing to pool the brains of the gigantic establishment which stretches right back from the Strand to Howard Street, I thought it might be interesting to my readers, and profitable to myself if, while discussing the starting of a new daily paper, I had a little conversation with Mr. Faux, the genial head of the Library Department.

Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's front the Strand with periodicals and newspapers; literature occupies a more retired retreat in the new and splendid pile of buildings which they have erected in Arundel Street. On the second floor, far removed from the noises of the outside world, I found Mr. Faux, who is one of the duumvirate who decide what books have to be provided for the circulating libraries in England. Mr. Mudie and Mr. Faux between them have at least a provisional hold of the shears of fate so far as the author is concerned. Such a Rhadamanthus in the world of letters has a position which casts

that of all the critics into the shade. But a milder mannered, more genial Rhadamanthus never occupied the judgment-seat than Mr. Faux. A great lover of books, he found his way by natural gravitation into the bookselling business when he had barely turned twenty, and he has been in the service of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son ever since he attained man's estate. He has arrived, by the process of natural selection, at an almost ideal position. There, in the sanctum at the top of the house, he decides with an instinct born of long experience how many copies of the books submitted to him must be ordered.

I asked whether he was guided at all in his orders by newspaper criticism.

"Not in the least," he replied, in a tone which was even more cruel because it had in it not even the least suspicion of disdain. "I have to fill in the orders for subscription before the first copies are sent for review."

"Then," said I somewhat humbly, feeling the craft of literary critic was held in rather low esteem in this temple of letters, "do newspaper criticisms not have any effect upon the sale of a book?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Faux, "they have some effect on some people, but the days have long gone by when it used to be said that a good review of a book in the *Times* was safe to sell an edition. People choose their own books for themselves without very much reference to what newspapers say about them. Of course we can tell from our daily orders as they come in from the stalls what effect is produced by articles in newspapers. It is curious and interesting to note how an article will set up a demand for a book. But taking one thing with another I do not find that journalistic criticism materially affects my opinion as to the number of books that we shall need to have in circulation to meet the demand of our subscribers. Of course a book will occasionally be forced into circulation by press notices, but as often as not the press notices follow rather than create the popular demand. It used not to be so in the olden times, when painstaking reviews were published, but with the penny and halfpenny press and the multiplication of reviewers, reviewing is badly scamped. A journalist often without any qualification for the work is

handed over a dozen books on every description of subject, and it is not reasonable to expect that the public will attach much weight to his judgment. Of course there are some papers which still keep up a high standard of literary criticism, but they are not the papers read by the mass of the people. The *Times*, for instance, and the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Athenæum* all take some pains with their reviewing, and have some influence upon the educated class which reads books. But the majority of the new public does not read books, nor do they read daily papers."

"Then what do they read?"

"They read the masses of miscellany which is produced day by day, and which we sell by the hundred tons—the *Tit Bit* class of periodicals—there are so many of them that they are practically almost daily, although each of them only comes out once a week. There is *Ally Sloper* and all that kind of printed matter, which can hardly be called literature, but which passes the time and represents the average standard of literary taste to which the new public, educated by the Education Act, have reached."

"No doubt you are right," said I, "and that is one reason why I want to start *The Daily Paper*. I want to bridge over the chasm which yawns between what may be called the miscellany man and the literary class."

"Most of them," said Mr. Faux, "have no taste for serious reading, and when they take to books it is always fiction."

"I suppose," said I, "that fiction is a great staple with you?"

"In the circulating library, yes. Without it the circulating library could hardly be maintained. It is the three volume novel which largely give Mudie and ourselves our exceptional position. Cheaper books the local libraries will take, but it is only the large firms which can afford to pay 18s. for a book, the life of which is only nine months. They are evanescent, are novels, and we do not reckon that we can keep them in circulation more than nine months. Some last longer, of course, and others a shorter period; but taking an average, they only remain in circulation for nine months."

"Do you publish any statistical return as to the proportion of the various classes of books?"

"No," said Mr. Faux; "we only know in a general kind of a way how things are going, but we have never compiled any statistics. Each district has its own characteristics, and, as might be expected, there is a greater demand for more serious books in the University towns than at Brighton and other seaside watering-places. But everywhere the novel heads the list."

"But to return to the point from which the conversation has wandered, what do you think of my idea that authors should review their own books?"

"It would be a novelty, and you would at least secure the advantage of having some one to write the review who had read the book," said Mr. Faux, smiling. "But I am afraid you could hardly expect much impartiality or criticism."

"I do not know about that. I think that an author knows the defects of his book better than a reviewer. He knows what he has tried to do, and he feels very often how far short he has come of realising his ideal. I think there are a good many authors who would only be too glad for an opportunity of taking the public into their confidence and telling them what they wished to do, and where they think they have succeeded, and where they think they have failed."

"Well," said Mr. Faux, "if you could get authors to take

that philosophic view of their works it might be practical, and it certainly would have the advantage of novelty. But our experience of authors does not lead us to think that there would be many who would be capable of sitting in judgment upon themselves. For instance," he said, somewhat grimly, "we got a letter only the other day from a town not far from London, which upbraided us roundly for not having a certain novel upon our stalls. It was an anonymous letter, and the writer said that the novel was one of the most brilliant books which had appeared this season; that every one was asking for it and talking about it, and that no one could get it at our stalls. That this was not the right way to fulfil a great public trust, etc., etc., etc. I sent the letter to the clerk at the bookstall in the town from which the letter was dated. He recognised the handwriting at once. It was written by the author of the book in question, and you would not care," added Mr. Faux, "to have reviews of that description."

"Well, I do not know; you must remember that the author's review would not be anonymous, and your correspondent had sufficient modesty to remain anonymous."

"Well," said Mr. Faux, "it would be an interesting experiment, no doubt, and I should be very curious to note how it succeeded. There is no doubt a great field for any one who would build a bridge across the gulf which lies between the uncultivated and the half or quarter cultivated. But there is a great chasm between *Ally Sloper* and *John Milton*."

Which saying is true; but there are many who begin with *Ally Sloper* might end with "*Paradise Regained*."

#### BOOKS PUBLISHED YESTERDAY.

- The Bible by Modern Light.** By Cunningham Geikie, D.D., LL.D. Edin. Vol. I.—Creation to the Patriarchs. (Nisbet.) 6s.  
An entirely new edition, largely re-written, of Dr. Cunningham Geikie's "Hours with the Bible."
- Present-day Theology.** By Lewis F. Stearns. (Nisbet.) 10s. 6d.  
With a Biographical Sketch of Professor Stearns by Mr. George L. Prentiss.
- Arts and Crafts Essays.** By Members of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society. (Rivington, Percival and Co.) 7s. 6d.  
With a preface by Mr. William Morris.
- Lectures and Essays on Fevers and Diphtheria, 1849-1879.** By Sir William Jenner, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., etc. (Rivington, Percival and Co.) 21s
- European History: Period VII., 1789-1815.** By H. Morse Stephens, M.A. (Rivington, Percival and Co.) 6s.
- More English Fairy Tales.** Collected and Edited by Joseph Jacobs. (David Nutt.) 6s.  
With illustrations by Mr. J. D. Batten.
- The Curb of Honour.** By M. Betham-Edwards. (A. and C. Black.) 6s.
- Amelia.** By Henry Fielding. (J. M. Dent and Co.) Three volumes. 7s. 6d. net.  
Edited, with an introduction, by Mr. George Saintsbury; and illustrated by Mr. Herbert Railton and Mr. E. J. Wheeler.
- Miss Stuart's Legacy.** By Flora Annie Steel. (Macmillan.) Three volumes. 31s. 6d.
- Margaret Drummond: Millionaire.** By Sophie F. F. Veitch. (A. and C. Black.) Three volumes. 31s. 6d.
- General Report to the Board of Trade with Regard to the Capital, Traffic, and Working Expenses of the Railway Companies of the United Kingdom for 1892.** (Eyre and Spottiswoode.)

# THE ROMANCE OF THE WORLD FROM DAY TO DAY.

## Our Serial.

### CHAPTER I.—A BRONZE ANDROMEDA.

“No, it isn't a buck.”

The speaker, who took his rifle-butt from his shoulder as he spoke, was Jack Smithies, English settler, prospector, average decent fellow, and doer of the Queen's business in distant lands. He took another searching look ahead under his hand, and then walked on, dragging his high boots rather wearily through the low scrub.

The object which had excited his curiosity was discernible as an agitated dark spot among the rocks crowning a small brown kopje just ahead. This kopje alone broke the monotony of several square miles of flat bush ringed with low hills.

“Why, it's a nigger. . . . D—n me, if it isn't a woman . . . with a baby in her arms. . . . Rum place to choose to sit in under this grilling sun, with nothing particular on, to. . . .”

By this time Jack was at the foot of the kopje. The figure sat motionless on one of the baking boulders scattered over its top. He furbished up his Mashona vocabulary, and shouted a question about the distance to Fort Victoria. No answer—not even a look.

“Well, I'm —!”

In a moment he had scrambled up.

“She is tied! . . . Who the devil did that to you?” he exclaimed in English to the not ungraceful brown figure with its small brown burden—and then translated the question.

She was but a girl—motherhood comes early in Zambesia—and the little pot-bellied thing in her arms was only a few months old. Round her body and ankles a leather thong fixed her, with a few effective but not cruel turns, to the rocky perch where she sat, conspicuous for miles.

The story, when he got or guessed at it at last, was simple enough. The girl's home was among the round straw-topped huts which Jack could just distinguish, when she pointed to them, in a steep broken gully of one of the neighbouring hills. The Mashonas are wont to tuck their villages away in holes and corners. The city built on a hill that cannot be hid is not their idea of architecture. It is more comfortable to have a place where you are unlikely to be come upon by the Matabele before you have had time to abandon it and grovel in the bush.

It was known among the Mashonas near the white settlement that an impi was even now raiding in the neighbourhood. That morning the alarm had been given at the kraal there in the gully. And the people were now in hiding round about, having first brought down into the plain, and there tied the most desirable female thing they could produce, in hopes that King Lobengula's warriors would be content, when they came by, to take that and go.

“By Jove,” quoth Jack, as he put his knife through the thong (he had been prepared for the gold-digger's career by the usual classical English-public-school education), “it's Andromeda and Perseus over again. . . . I'm Perseus (here he laughed derisively). . . . Wish I'd his mount, though.”

He stood meditating a moment, absently knocking off corners of the rock with a prospector's hammer. Then he shouldered his rifle, pointed in the direction of Fort Victoria, and bidding Andromeda follow, stalked on, smiling.

Andromeda, with her small armful, did follow, without

animation or any expressions of feeling. She had the chattel instinct well-developed.

The kopje was left to the pulsing African sunshine and the unceasing hum of insects.

### CHAPTER II.—“IN OUR VERY STREETS!”

WHEN Mr. Perseus Smithies and his Andromeda were within a hundred yards of the first wrinkled iron shanty of the white settlement—he walking stolidly on in front, she walking with equal stolidity some ten to fifteen paces behind—a sudden cry from her made him turn his head. As he did so, a long dusky figure shot past him, followed closely by another, and another, and another. Similar figures were converging upon the settlement from several directions. They were not a pretty sight. They were ill-built, lanky creatures, mostly. They all had open mouths and eyes starting from the sockets. They all drew the sobbing breath of a man who has overrun himself



already, and yet must run on for dear life. And that is exactly what they were running for.

As Jack entered the settlement, he spoke to one of the fugitives who had dropped breathless under the shade of a waggon.

“Matabele?” Jack asked laconically.

The man looked at him with the dark appealing eyes of a frightened child.

“Why don't you hit back—so?”

The man found breath to gasp out, “Nay, who are we to stand against the King's warriors? We are but women!”

His face changed suddenly to abject terror. Jack followed his eyes, and saw the Matabele themselves. It was about a dozen of them who came jogging at a steady trot into the irregular little street. There was no mistaking their ostrich plumes and ox-hide shields. The leading one, a



muscular fellow, with long black-brown limbs, naked but for a kilt of leopard-skin, and an expression of insolent ferocity, ran straight up the middle of the road without casting a glance at the little group by the waggon—Jack and Andromeda, and the man who had said “we are but women.” His eyes were fixed on the hindmost fugitive, who had dashed into the settlement but a few yards in front of him. Now he gained on his man—now he poised the long assegai level with his shoulder to strike.

“Confound the ruffian,” cried Jack, “if he isn’t going to kill his man in our very streets!” and dashing after the Matabele, he drove his rifle-butt sharp into the small of the warrior’s back, just in time to make him miss his mark and go sprawling on all-fours.

The warrior picked himself up, his face hideous with fury, and began capering round Jack with menacing assegai. But he had never yet washed his spear in the blood of a white man, and as Jack coolly looked him up and down without moving a muscle, he fell back growling, and presently ran on after his companions, who had scampered past while this was happening.

Jack ran on, too, seeing there was a row in prospect; and the first sight that he saw was a good-looking young Matabele of perhaps eighteen, straddling in the middle of the street over the Mashona, whom Jack’s rifle-butt had just saved, and stabbing his assegai again and again into the prostrate body.

Probably it was the boy’s first experience of Mashona-sticking; and his dancing eyes spoke all the pleasurable excitement of an English boy winning his first brush on the hunting-field.

But now the street became full of white men in shirt-sleeves and broad-brimmed hats, most of whom came running out of a neighbouring canteen with any weapons they could pick up. There were oaths and shouts, and expostulations in several languages, and within ten minutes the little band of Matabele, who had dared for the first time to pursue and strike down their Mashona quarry at the very doors of the white men, were running out of the settlement as fast as their heels could carry them—leaving, however, three or four ghastly bodies lying on their faces in their blood.

Among the whites in the streets the clamour grew; an alarm-bell rang; everybody seemed to have got a rifle now; there was a shout of “Jameson!” and then comparative silence, as an eager circle formed round a thick-set man with a rather broad face, half-shut good-humoured eyes, and a short moustache.

At this moment it occurred to Jack to turn back and look for Andromeda.

When he came round the corner of a hut in sight of the waggon, he did not see her standing there . . . . but there were two figures lying quite quiet mixed up with the chains and harness-tackle under the pole . . . . Jack turned white and sick as he had not done over the corpse in the street just now. . . . There she lay, his Andromeda, the baby still clasped in her arms, the broken half of an assegai pinning mother and child together to the dusty earth. They were quite dead.

A kind of hatred and disgust seemed to well up in Jack’s mind towards Mashonaland—Africa—prospecting—everything that had made his life for the last year or two, and he was surprised to find himself thinking wistfully of a little English parsonage among elms, with rooks cawing, and . . . He ran back with set teeth and his hat pulled over his eyes in time to hear Dr. Jameson’s voice concluding a speech in the middle of an enthusiastic crowd.

“After that, gentlemen, if the Indunas haven’t taken

the impi altogether out of this district and across the Shashi, Captain Lendy will take a small body of police and —” (rest of sentence drowned in vociferous cheering). “Any volunteers will please come and see me in the fort an hour hence. I shall be glad of a few offers of good mounts, too.” Here there were renewed shouts from every side, “I volunteer! I volunteer!”

And Jack Smithies, whose philosophical appreciation of the merits of safagery—an appreciation which had caused some uneasiness in letters home to the parsonage among the elms—had been rather dashed that day, joined in the chorus and shouted hoarsely—“I volunteer!”

#### CHAPTER III.—IN THE KING’S KRAAL.

THE King sat in his kraal, and his heart was sore within him.

All the morning, from the rising of the sun, he had been busy with his wizards, casting spells, and doing witchcraft. The signs were unpropitious. In vain had he varied the ingredients of the hell-broth; the magic would not work. The liver of a huge snake skinned alive had been boiled in the caldron with the toes of frogs and the beaks of birds and the fat of the sea-cow and the bones of men, and as the concoction boiled, and the steam rose white and mingled with the blinding smoke, he had muttered his incantations and woven his spells; but all was in vain. Whether he turned north, or south, or east, or west, it was the same. Again and again he tried the most powerful charms, but it availed nothing. The oracles were dumb. The omens failed. So the King’s heart was heavy, and his wives trembled as they saw him, for they knew by the look in his bloodshot eyes that he was bewitched, and they knew not on whom his suspicion would fall. They raised the cry of homage and devotion with which they always hailed his appearance, and squatted low on the droppings of the goats and sheep which sheltered at night in the King’s kraal.

He walked heavily and slowly, with a cumbrous roll of his shoulders, supporting on his gouty feet his elephantine weight, and glaring round at the few prostrate occupants of the enclosure.

The sun was high in the heavens; the flesh of the four bullocks, slaughtered that morning for the royal table, which lay exposed on the trestle-platform of rough hewn logs, was black with myriad flies, whose buzzing formed a strange accompaniment to the shrill cries of the wives and courtiers, which were ceased.

Lobengula seated himself upon an old case of condensed milk-tins that stood at the foot of the flesh-laden platform and groaned. The ants, which swarmed in millions, took as little notice of his presence as he noticed the reek of the blood or the chant of his followers.

His gloomy broodings were interrupted by the arrival of a runner. “Great King!” he cried, and bent low to the earth. After him came several Indunas, who gathered in a circle round the King.

*The Runner* (prostrating himself before the King). . . . “And then, O King, when the impi yet tarried, being minded to finish the King’s work, suddenly there rode out upon them the white Induna Lendy, with others on swift horses. And the impi abode their coming. But lo! when they were still as far away as a stabbed man may run before he drops, they suddenly, by means of witchcraft, sent thunder and lightning upon us that we might not abide before them, and both the King’s Indunas died.”

*Lobengula* (frowning horribly): “Dog! did no man stand and strike back?”

*The Runner* (on his face in the dung): “O black cow of

Buluwayo, maker of rain, mighty one! the word of the king was that we should touch no white man."

*Lobengula* (angrily): "That was not why you fled, O dogs and grandsons of dogs, but because you were afraid. Did he not say it himself?" (Loud applause from circle of Indunas.) "Never did I say you should touch no white man who sheltered the King's enemies. You have two words. You lie to the King! Say, now, and truly, did the white men pursue when my impi fled?"

*The runner* (resigned to his fate): "If the King lets it be so, for the third of a day they pursued, and we have lost thirty of the King's men."

*Lobengula* (with ominous politeness): "Say, thou, wherefore wast thou chosen to bring me this word? Was it not

CHAPTER IV.—COLONIAL OFFICE PROPOSES.

Scene: A room in the Colonial Office.

*Cabinet Minister* to Secretary (running through draft cable-telegram to Cape): "... While fully conscious, —h'm, h'm,— must decline to sanction —h'm, h'm— Yes, that will do, I think; very judicious. Just make that about waiting for definite aggressive act a little stronger . . ."

CHAPTER V.—KING RHODES DISPOSES.

Scene: Dr. Jameson's hut within the fort at Victoria (an enclosure surrounded by a dusty embankment, and now crowded with men, women, children, Dutch waggons in laager, etc.).



THE FIRST SHOT, "SCOUTS FIRED ON AT LAST."

that thy feet were quickest of all to run from the white thieves? (Loud applause.) Take him and cut off his feet!"

*Lobengula* (to the white interpreter, privately): "I tell you, I can hold them no longer. Get you gone, you and all whites in this kraal, for this is no place for white men to-day."

*A chief of the Matjaha regiments* (stropping a broad-bladed assegai on a bit of cow-hide): "Now must the King surely let us go at the white men! Oho, ghol! A free hand!"

Groups eagerly discussing news that scouts have been fired on.

A noise of cheering outside, cracking of whips, etc., etc., etc. A coach, drawn by twenty mules, led by a pair of stout nags, draws up at the entrance. A big, ruddy-faced man, with a light moustache, dismounts, and walks into the enclosure amid loud cheering.

*Dr. Jameson* (meeting him): "Scouts fired on at last!"

*Mr. Rhodes* (shaking hands): "Ah! let's have a lemon-squash, there's a good fellow. . . . Awful journey. . . . Well, it's something to have a free hand."

[They enter the hut together.]

CALENDAR FOR THE DAY.

*Saint of the Christian Church.*  
St. Francis of Assisi died 1226.

*Positivist Calendar, 10th month.*  
*Shakespeare, Modern Drama.*  
25th day, BEETHOVEN.

*English Speaking Worthy.*  
Catherine Booth died 1890.

*Birth Days.*  
Crispi, F., Italian statesman, 1819.  
Guizot, Fr., French statesman and author, 1787.

*Death Days.*  
Booth, Mrs., 1890, aged 61.  
Procter, B. W. ("Barry Cornwall"), poet, 1874, aged 84.

Evacuation of the Morea by Ibrahim Pacha, 1828.  
Columbus sighted the New World (Bahamas), 1492.

*Political.*  
The Cause of Mary Queen of Scots examined into at a Conference at York, 1563.



where in Lincolnshire: it was held to be libellous by the parson, and we got thrown—it was a trumpery little thing. The other was for a paragraph in which we spoke of a ship as a floating grog-shop. It was a difficult thing to prove, and though there had been a great deal of drinking on board, the jury held the term was too strong, so we lost that case; but these are the only two in which we have been worsted."

"It is a long and noble record."

"Yes," said Mr. Voules "It is very satisfactory, and much better than what we ventured to hope for when we started. When we arranged to produce *Truth*, Mr. Labouchere was so certain that it was going to be set up as a target to be shot at, that he carefully selected an office in the City, in order that the cases might be heard by an Alderman; but he very soon found that he had a much worse chance to get justice from the Alderman he was always consulting than from a stipendiary; so, without unnecessary loss of time, we migrated westwards, and have fared better under the stipendiary."

"Is there any truth," I asked, "in the story that is going round the Press that Mr. Labouchere snapped his fingers at the cost of libel actions, because he had accumulated a fighting fund of £60,000 for the express purpose?"

"Pure myth," said Mr. Voules; "we pay as we go. There is no doubt it costs a pretty penny. You see, we have taxed costs, due to us from various swindlers whom we have exposed, against whom we have won verdicts amounting to not less than £40,000, in taxed costs, etc., not one penny of which we shall ever get. That is the kind of way in which a newspaper is rewarded for hunting down miscreants who prey upon the community. But on the whole we have no reason to complain," said Mr. Voules; "it has been the making of *Truth*. One of the best pieces of work we ever did was when we exposed some scandalous malpractices in connection with the 'Royal Liver Friendly Society.' It led to an inquiry, the offenders were dismissed, and gave place to honest men. Don't be alarmed by what Sir George says. It is his duty to caution you; but as a matter of fact there are plenty of safe swindles which can be shown up, and which ought to be shown up, and which it is good business to show up. Of course you take a certain amount of risk, but it is worth it; and I don't think, with ordinary common sense, you need be very apprehensive as to any ruin overtaking you because you show up the gentlemen who are the pick-pockets of the financial world"

#### THE EDITOR OF THE "INVESTORS' REVIEW."

It is more than ten years since I had the pleasure of working with Mr. A. J. Wilson, the editor of the *Investors' Review*. He was then on the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, where he did yeoman service in pricking the bubble of the electric light speculation, which was excellent for the public, but the reverse of advantageous, financially, for the paper. He is now City Editor of the *Standard*, editor and proprietor of the *Investors' Review*, the most hard-hitting and uncompromising periodical which is published in the English language. I went to have a talk with him at his house near Clapham Junction. As might be expected, Mr. Wilson agreed entirely with me as to the need for more drastic measures in order to expose the swindling which has culminated in the Liberator crash. I found, to my surprise, that he did not regard the enterprise as involving so much risk of lawsuit and expenditure as some of my other advisers. "No," said he; "I think you could prick the bubbles if you are careful, without bringing yourself within range of a prosecution. You must know your men, of course, and have got your facts well up. But if you have got your facts, and know the record of the people you are dealing with, you will not have much

difficulty in enlightening the public—without committing suicide yourself. Of course you cannot go to war without running risks, and to declare a Holy War against swindling of all kinds would be to stir up the great hornet's nest which has its seat in the Stock Exchange. You might clear the air," said Mr. Wilson, "if your City Editor deals fearlessly and faithfully with all the abuses which render so large a section of the financial world little better than organised plunder, but you will have to clear it as the air is cleared by a thunder-storm, and somebody may get hurt. At the same time, my own experience is that you do not need to be afraid of speaking out if you use common-sense. I have not minced my words, but I have not had a libel case worth speaking of for a dozen years. It might cost you £10,000 a year for the first few years in law costs if you were unlucky, but it need not cost you anything like that amount. But you must fight and not run away, or otherwise you will have to pay through the nose."

"I do not think there will be much danger of that," I remarked. "But do you not think that you are a little bit too pessimist in your estimate of things in general?"

"People said that about Australia," he replied drily, "but they do not say so now."

"The Australian bank smash has done much to vindicate you as a prophet, but I confess I somewhat agreed with a friend of mine, who, on hearing that I was coming to see you, declared that nothing would satisfy you in the way of investment but the old stocking."

"That is a gross libel," said Mr. Wilson imperturbably. "I am not a pessimist, I am an optimist, and I have such a robust faith that I do not fear to look at facts in a critical spirit. That is all. It is not pessimism, it is criticism, and the more searching the criticism the greater the service you render to the public."

I conclude this talk by quoting from Mr. Wilson's *Review* what may be called the ten commandments in solution. They are:—

- "1. Never put all your eggs into one basket.
- "2. Never invest in securities not fully paid up.
- "3. Never invest money at the suggestion of an advertised prospectus.
- "4. Never invest through an advertising broker.
- "5. Never be misled by a name. Always look at the securities behind it. Remember Baring!
- "6. Never invest in the irredeemable debt of a foreign country.
- "7. Never invest in the government stock of a nation which is always borrowing more than it can pay.

"8. Never buy bank shares.

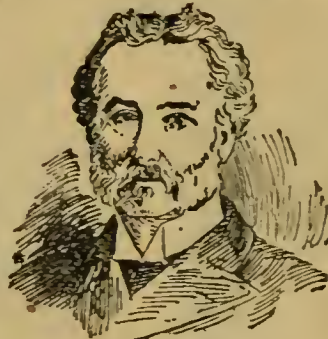
"9. Never put money into ordinary shares or stocks of a company which keeps an open capital account, or has large preference shares, or heavy debenture obligations.

"10. Never buy what everybody else is running after. Always avoid fashionable investments."

"This may all be very good advice, but when all the ten shall-nots are taken into account, what is there left for the investor to do with his money excepting to put it into his old stocking?"

"No, you are wrong. I might have added to my ten commandments and still have a wide margin of safe securities which are open to none of

these objections, and in which the investor may safely put his money." But of course Mr. Wilson would say, "High interest means low security, and the safer the stock the less interest it yields. You cannot have it both ways. If you must have the delight of eight and nine per cent., you must accept the counterbalancing disadvantage of constant anxiety as to how long they will maintain that or any rate of interest upon the capital you have placed in their hands."



SIR GEORGE LEWIS.



MR. A. J. WILSON.

## WANTED, AN ENGLISH BIBLE!

A Suggestion for its Compilation.—With Criticisms by Mr. Brycc.

"THE Old Testament, as we have it, is a kind of REVIEW OF REVIEWS edition of a great mass of Hebrew writings which have been lost, but from which the editors of the Sacred Canon extracted that which now forms the collection of booklets, which when bound up is labelled the Old Testament. What we have to do for English literature and history is what the editors of the Sacred Canon did for the Hebrew literature and history: to make a book that will give the condensed essence of the life and history of our race from the earliest times down to the present day.



"England, as an entity, has hardly any real existence for many of our people. Patriotism, as a result, has, as religious force, little hold upon our millions. But how can we expect to have a religion when we have not a Bible? What is it that constitutes the Bible of the English? To answer that question I ask another. What is it that constitutes your sacred books; what are the writings which have made England real to you, and enabled you to feel what may be called the religious side of imperial patriotism? When you begin to think of the answer to this question the reflection will arise: Has the time not come for collecting our Sacred Canon; can we not compress within the covers of one volume a narrative simple enough to be read by our young children, but true enough and profound enough to be the guide, philosopher, and friend of the greatest of our race, which would enable the ordinary man to see England as she looms through the mists of history as well as the England of to-day and the England that shall be to-morrow?

"From seeing that the thing needs to be done to decide to do it, or try to do it if no one else will put their hand to the task, is but a short step. The step I propose to take is the compilation of 'the Bible of the English.' Upon this point I daresay you may differ from me, but my idea is to follow, as closely as possible, the one volume which is in the home of almost every English-speaking family, namely, the Old Testament.

"My general idea is to begin with Genesis and go down to Malachi, and I would follow pretty closely the familiar outlines of the Hebrew history. Our English Genesis, however, would start from the story of Gelert, which foreshadows in its pathos and tragedy the story of the redemption of mankind. After Gelert would come the Arthurian legends. After King Arthur and the red ruin and breaking up of the laws which followed his disappearance, we have the coming of the English from over sea, as a kind of parallel to the Deluge, after which the story of the new world begins. The rest of our English Genesis would be made up from the English Saxon Chronicle and Bede's Ecclesiastical History. The reign of King Alfred would be the nearest counterpart which we could find to the part taken by Joseph in the Old Testament.

"Of course, I need not say that I do not for a moment wish to draw the parallel too close. The analogy between the Old Testament and our English Bible is to be a clue to help, not a chain to bind. Hence, I do not feel I am taking too great a liberty in comparing the sojourn of

Israel in Egypt with the subjugation of the English under the Normans. The parallel is very close in many respects. Israel owed at least as much to her Egyptian taskmaster as the English owed to their Norman lords. I would make the date of the Exodus correspond to the signing of the Magna Charta at Runnymede, and at that point I should bring in some brief statement of what may be called the body of English law, and the fundamental principles of English religion, going back, as far as possible, to the early English missionaries—St. Augustine, St. Columba, and St. Aidan.

"Even as I am dictating this, I feel that the mere task of compiling such a Bible would shed a flood of realising light upon the whole of the critical problems raised by modern biblical science.

"Our Leviticus must not merely begin with the teachings of the early saints, but must describe the imposing system which found its most complete material embodiment in the Cathedral, and its personification in Becket.

"I am not sure whether the Magna Charta should not represent the arrival at the Promised Land rather than the Exodus from Egypt. In that case we might have the troubled period of the Crusades for the wandering in the wilderness.

"After the arrival in the Promised Land, or the attainment by the English of their chartered rights of liberty and self-government, we have a period corresponding roughly to that covered by Joshua and the Judges, a period of wars and of commotion, in which we shall have the conquest of Wales, the abortive attempts to conquer Scotland, the ejection from France, and the Wars of the Roses, culminating in the founding of what Green calls the 'New Monarchy' under Henry VII., who would be our Saul. It is difficult to say who is our Samuel. Wycliffe was a little too early, but there will not fail us a noble store of heroic figures with which to light up the story of that period.

"I should have mentioned that, in the narrative, wherever possible, we should interpolate fragments of songs, poems, or speeches, which have come down to us from the past; and always in telling the story, tell it as Plutarch does, or as the historical writers in the Bible do, as an affair of persons in which you see the hero, or his ante-type, and catch from his own lips the pregnant words which sum up the situation, and give us the key to his action. Froissart will be invaluable in compiling this part of the Bible-book. I am not sure whether we ought not to have a special book devoted to Joan of Arc. There also we have the Gelert myth working itself out, and the story is so piteous and so tragic that I am loath to relegate it to a mere episodic chapter.

"Henry VII. is but an indifferent Saul, but he will serve, and if you look at the story of how Saul came to his kingdom, you will find that it is not without points of similarity to the career of the hero of Bosworth Field. Henry VII., however, will play but a small part in the story compared with our David, who is Henry VIII.—a conception which would rejoice the heart of Mr. Froude. The story of the decay of the old religion, the corruption of the Church, and the demolition of the monasteries, will have to be told with great discretion. Cardinal Wolsey is a greater figure than any priest in David's reign, and Sir Thomas More a character of finer type than any in Old Judea at that time.

"After a brief interlude of Edward and Mary we come to the Elizabethan era, which corresponds to that of Solomon. It is obvious here what a brilliant opportunity there is for making our history live before the eyes of the present generation. Solomon came after our dull Rehoboam James I., and under the Stuarts was accomplished the beginning of the great disruption of the English race, when the men in the *Mayflower* sailed to the New England, and began the severance of the English-speaking race into two sections, although it was not fully accomplished until later. My Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin, is the Stuart who set up the Golden Calf of Sacerdotalism and tyranny, and made England to sin. The analogy does not work out quite right; but the story of the civil wars and the Protectorate would figure conspicuously in our Bible-book. Then came the Restoration, when our Israel had forgotten God, and they heard the thunder of the Dutch guns in the Medway as a heavenly voice. Charles II., with his painted Jezebels, makes a very good Ahab, and the Nonconformists ejected by the Act of Nonconformity represent Elijah and Elisha. Then comes the Revolution, which corresponds to the reign of Jehoshaphat, and this brings us down to the eighteenth century.

"I am not quite sure as to what reign we should put ourselves in, but I should like to locate ourselves in the reign of Josiah. That would enable us to treat the Victorian era as corresponding to the reign of Hezekiah, and there, for a moment, the historical part of the story would cease; for we could not very well have Ezra and Nehemiah, or Daniel, all of which books are subsequent to the Captivity. Our captivity has not yet come. The conquest of India, the colonising of Greater Britain, the American revolt, the wars of the French Revolution, the establishment of modern democracy—all these would have to be told with childlike simplicity and directness, and, above all, plenty of personification; not imaginary personification, but the actual words of the actual men, such as Nelson's at Trafalgar, and Gordon's at Khartoum.

"So much for the historical part of the narrative. Now for the other half of the book. First and foremost, the Psalms. I should not make them entirely poetical; that is, I should include among the Psalms of our race the utterances of our great ones in moments when their nature was wrung to its depths, as for instance, Cromwell's prayer before he died, and others of similar description. They should all be the expression of personal experience, and would embody the aspirations of the English heart in all times of danger, perplexity, or prosperity. I would quote from the Prayer Book, the Litany, and many of the Collects and shorter prayers, but I would by no means make it entirely devotional. Wherever man in trouble for his life, or for what he deems of more importance than his life, lets down, as it were, the grappling hook into the unseen depths, to find anchorage, by which he can, if not save his soul, at least stay his mind in peace—the articulate expression of such a moment should be incorporated in our national psalter.

"Proverbs presents little difficulty, as the collection of English, Scotch, and American proverbs could be easily made; it is a mere question of collation. I have not yet quite decided what poetry to quote in place of Ruth, but I think it is possible that we might utilise Chaucer.

"Shakespeare's sonnets naturally suggest themselves for the Songs of Solomon.

"'Hamlet' or 'Paradise Lost,' Job.

"But for Ecclesiastes, I think the best substitute we could find would be a compound from Bacon's Essays, Matthew Arnold's poems, and some of Fitzgerald's translations

from the Persian; but as they have so much of Fitzgerald, they may be regarded as more English than Persian.

"This brings us down to the prophets, and prophets open up a wide and most attractive field. Without following the analogy too closely between major and minor prophets, there are a few of the sacred books of our tongue, selections from which should find space in the Canon. Sir Thomas More's 'Utopia;' Milton's 'Areopagitica,' with some passages from his other prose writings; some of Latimer's sermons; selections from the *Spectator*; selections from Edmund Burke; some passages from Jonathan Swift. I am not sure as to whether we should take anything from Locke, Hobbes, Berkeley, but we could give some of Adam Smith; and I am not sure whether we ought not to include some of Cobden's early political writings, especially those dealing with our relations with Russia, Ireland, and America. John Stuart Mill's 'Subjection of Women,' and his 'Essay on Liberty,' should be given, and there should be typical extracts from Carlyle, Emerson, Mazzini (although he was an Italian). There ought also to be some passages from the more eminent exponents of physical science, and there might be some chapters from Professor Seeley's 'Expansion of England.'

"Then we have the poets to pillage. Apart from those whose poems have been used in the Psalter in the construction of separate books, as Chaucer for Ruth, Milton for Job, Shakespeare for the Song of Solomon, there remain Spenser, who might be summarised with illustrative passages; possibly some of Dryden, Pope, Gray's Elegy 'In a Country Churchyard.' [Then we have Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, the Brownings, Ebenezer Elliott, and Swinburne.

"I think it would be possible to get all that into the space of an Old Testament, or, at any rate, of the Old Testament and the New. I think it could be done. I think it would be a marvellous mosaic, which, if it were done at all well, would come to be a companion to the Bible in every English home. Think it over, and ask whether any such book exists, or any semblance of such a book. Further, ask whether it would not be a distinct advantage to be able to have such a book for reading in our schools, and for having ready to our hand in after-life? I do not think that any such book could be compiled without making England more real and vivid to us all, and thus sowing the seed in the mind of all English-speaking men of the conception of the unity of their race, of its providential mission, and of the lessons which its history teaches.

"The scheme seems to me eminently feasible and likely to prove most useful. Many minor suggestions and fancies as to the use to be made of particular bits of literature which occurred to me in reading the prospectus, I pass over for the moment. The time for such an effort to make national history vivid, as it can best be when read in contemporary records and through the literature of the time, has doubtless come."

#### PROFESSOR BRYCE'S CRITICISMS.

I sent this draft to some friends, amongst others to Professor Bryce, who wrote very kindly and sympathetically to me on the subject. He was good enough to send me the following criticisms, which, even if accepted *en bloc*, would not affect the scope of the conception.

"The idea is admirable, true in its essence: full of suggestive force.

"The working out of the idea is also not impossible, but eminently desirable. The most useful contribution I can make to your consideration of it is to point out some of the difficulties.

"One is that in parts it will be necessary to tell the tale of the English people, not in the words of the old literature (as among the Hebrews), but in our own, because the old literature either did not exist or is lost. This applies to the early time. However, there is not only the Saxon Chronicle, of which great use must be made, but also the poem of Beowulf, and the works of Caedmon and Cynewulf (*Vide* Stopford Brooke's 'History of Anglo-Saxon Poetry'). There is also the Lay of Brunanburgh, and the Lay of Maldon.

"A second difficulty is the comparatively small part played by religious literature in our national growth.



MR. BRYCE, M.P.

Though the Hebrew literature is not all of it in its original sense quite so purely religious as we make it, it is much more tinged by religion than ours. Neither is our literature so eminently national.

"These difficulties will oblige the subject to be presented in a somewhat different light from that of the Hebrew literature. [The religious feeling of our early time is Catholic rather than English, and the Reformation is the only era when strong religious and strong national passion coincide. That of the Commonwealth time has to be directed against foes within. However, this is only an illustration of the more general difficulty of drawing a close parallel between British and Hebrew history. Your parallels are most ingenious, and even when not close are suggestive. But I should not attempt in a book to present them nearly as closely as your prospectus does. A general indication of the similarity to begin with, and a reference at various points to interesting analogies, would of course be given. But to press the similarities or analogies closely, while it might sometimes mislead the inexperienced reader, would raise clouds of hostile criticism which would interfere with the value of the work as a thing to be generally accepted as influential. *E.g.*, we have nothing like the Prophets in their historical past in the evolution of the moral and national life of Israel. We have nothing like the Babylonian Captivity, which is the turning point in Jewish history. We lead up to nothing like the era of the New Testament. We have Pharisees and Sadducees, but no Rome in the background. Therefore I would not attempt to press parallels far, because this might distract attention from the most valuable and fertile idea that prompts, and will throughout inspire your scheme—the idea that the literature of a people is its life-blood, and the key to both its national and its religious development."

## THE HOME RULE BILL, 1894.

We have had two Home Rule Bills, those of 1886 and 1893,—or in reality three, if we take into account the alterations made in the last Bill by its author while it was in Committee—Bills framed by Cabinets of English statesmen in which Ireland had not a single representative. If in 1894 we have a third Home Rule Bill, it is to be hoped that it will avoid the blunder of proposing to establish a new Constitution for Ireland, without first requiring from the representatives of Ireland a full and authoritative statement of the conditions and limitations which they believe to be indispensable for success.

In order to secure this end and at the same time to prevent any unnecessary waste of the time of the House of Commons in the discussion of a measure certain to be rejected by the Peers, the Home Rule Bill of 1894 might be framed somewhat as follows:—

### A BILL TO AMEND THE PROVISION FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.

Whereas it is expedient that, without impairing or restricting the supreme authority of Parliament, an Irish Legislature should be created for the making of laws for the peace, order, and good government of Ireland, in respect of matters exclusively relating to Ireland or some part thereof,

Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

1. On and after the appointed day (not later than the second week in the Recess of 1894) there shall be in Ireland a National Convention, consisting of all the representatives of Ireland in the House of Commons.

2. There shall be granted to this Irish National Convention power to take into consideration the various legislative proposals that have from time to time been brought forward to secure the better government of Ireland by the Irish people, and to frame and present a report not later than Christmas, 1894, for presentation to the Imperial Parliament, setting forth the provisions which, in the opinion of the National Convention, must be made to secure a permanent and satisfactory rearrangement of the existing relations between the two countries.

3. The Report of the National Convention shall form the basis of a measure to be introduced in 1895, for the settlement of the future of the Irish Government, subject to such alterations (if any) as may be necessary to safeguard the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament and the interests and welfare of the rest of the Empire.

4. The necessary expenditure shall be met by a vote on the Irish estimates.

Such a Bill need not be discussed at any length. Excepting the affirmation of the sound principle that any new Constitution for Ireland must be in the first place framed and fashioned by the Irish themselves, it contains nothing which has not been debated *ad nauseam* in the House of Commons, and it reserves everything that might in any way endanger the supremacy of Parliament and the interests of the Empire.

If it were deemed advisable to avoid a collision with the House of Lords, this might be done by introducing a Bill consisting solely of the preamble and the first clause of the Home Rule Bill of 1893, and then after reading it a second time, the whole subject might be relegated to a National Committee of all the Irish members, empowered by a special resolution of the House to sit at Dublin during the recess, with instructions similar to the terms of the second clause of the above Bill.

Either of these methods would extricate the Government and the Irish members from the present hopeless *impasse*.

## A CRUSADE AGAINST BAD COOKERY.

### A Suggestion from Across the Channel

"We can live without books," sang Lord Lytton, "but we cannot live without cooks," yet this most ancient of all the arts is that to which the least attention is paid in daily newspapers. In cooking the English have made but little progress compared with their French neighbours. Nothing impressed me more, when cycling in France, than the immense superiority of our neighbours south of the Channel in everything relating to making food tasty and palatable. There is almost as much difference between the cookery of a French auberge and an English public-house as there is between English cookery and that of the savage who cooks his steak by sitting on it on horseback.

It was not merely the excellence of the French cooking which surprised and delighted me, but the capacity of the French native to turn out a palatable meal at a price at which an English purveyor would turn up his nose. I well remember one day on which we went into a little auberge at Jargeau on the anniversary of the day on which Jeanne d'Arc captured that stronghold from the English. The good lady of the inn declared that she had nothing to give us, but on being pressed said that she could give us lunch if we would wait half an hour. We therefore waited, and meanwhile possessed our souls in peace. When the lunch came it was worth waiting for. There was as much bread as one could eat, and as much wine as one could drink; then there was a capital omelette, and after which a beautifully cooked entrecôte and a salad. After that we had cheese, and then some ripe cherries. This, mark you, was served up at half-an-hour's notice, after the landlady had declared she had nothing whatever in the house, and it had had to be improvised while we were waiting. In an English village we could not have hoped to have had anything beyond the inevitable ham and eggs, a rasher of bacon, or possibly a beef-steak or a mutton chop with bread and cheese, for which we would have had to pay from eighteenpence to half-a-crown. At Jargeau that dainty little lunch of three courses, with wine and cheese and dessert, only cost one shilling and threepence a-head. And yet in France every article of food, with the exception of wine and fruit, is dearer than in England; but when you come to get a dinner, whether it be the cooking or whether it be want of commonsense, you very often have to pay twice as much in England for food that is not half as good. This set me thinking, and as my boys informed me that wherever they went they found it was pretty much the same, it seemed to me that one of the works which most urgently required to be done in modern England was to try and level up the ordinary English housewife to the culinary level of her French sister. It ought not to be impossible.

Holding these opinions very strongly, I asked Mr. C. H. Senn, author of an excellent book on Practical Gastronomy, and Cookery Demonstrator at the National School of Cookery at Buckingham Palace Road, if he would help me in this new crusade for the Frenchification of English cookery. Mr. Senn kindly consented, and as a kind of experimental trial trip he drew up for me the following suggestion for a Middle-class Dinner:—

#### *Hors d'Œuvre.*

Dressed Norwegian Anchovies.

#### *Soup.*

Carrot soup with rice.

#### *Fish.*

Fried fillets of whiting (Tyrolian style).

#### *Meat.*

Goose-liver zéphires with truffes.

Stewed chicken (Marengo style).

Green peas with ham.

#### *Roast.*

Leg of mutton, cauliflower and sauce.

Grouse, chipped potatoes, French salad.

#### *Sweets.*

Border of fruit (Polish fashion).

#### *Savoury.*

Yarmouth cheese straws.

Cheese and Salad.

#### *Dessert.*

#### THE MENU.

It is no use preparing a menu, unless you explain how to cook the dishes it contains, and the recipes which follow—unluckily I have not space for more than three—are drawn up on Mr. Senn's responsibility, not on mine; but they will sufficiently indicate the manner in which the dishes are treated, and what I shall do in the future.

#### 1. *Anchovies, Norwegian fashion.*

Prepare some fillets of Norwegian anchovies, trim neatly; have ready three hard-boiled eggs, chop up two coarsely, yolk and white separate; dish up in hors-d'œuvre dishes (little glass dishes); season with a little chopped tarragon, chervil, and red pepper; sprinkle with a little oil and vinegar. Place the anchovy fillets over the top in the shape of lattice-work; ornament with fancy slices of lemon, quarters of hard-boiled egg and parsley.

#### 2. *Filtered Carrot Soup with Rice.*

Wash and scrape ten large French carrots, shred off all the red part, parboil them for five minutes, drain, dry, and put them in a stewpan with three ounces of butter, one large sliced onion, and the white part of a leek; stir over the fire for a few minutes, add two quarts of stock, season with salt, pepper, and a little nutmeg; allow it to simmer until the carrots are done. Rub the whole through a fine sieve or tammy. Put it on the fire again, add more stock, a dessert spoonful of sugar, a pat of fresh butter, also one ounce of fécnle or cornflower mixed first with a little milk or water. Stir well, allow it to simmer for fifteen minutes, add a quarter of a pound of rice boiled in beef broth, skim well, and serve with bread sippets either separate or in the soup tureen.

#### 3. *Stewed Chicken, Marengo style.*

Cut up two tender chickens into meat joints, put a gill of sweet oil in a large sautoir; when hot, place the chickens in same on the fire, and allow it to fry over a quick fire, with the following seasoning: one bayleaf, a sprig of thyme, a clove, a small shallot, salt, a little cayenne and grated nutmeg. When the pieces are slightly brown on both sides, remove the bayleaf, thyme, clove and shallot, pour off part of the oil, add a dessert-spoonful of finely chopped shallot, and a clove of bruised garlic; allow it to fry a few minutes longer, moisten with half a gill of good stock, and one pint of espagnole and tomato sauce in equal parts, one glass of sherry and half a glass of brandy, also six large sliced mushrooms. Let all simmer for twenty minutes (covered).

Fry in very hot sweet oil as many eggs as may be required (one to each person), strain them on a cloth, dish up the chickens in pyramidal form, sauce well, place the eggs round the dish, garnish with fried glazed bread croûtons, and serve.

I had hoped to have been able to accompany each of these dishes with a statement of their estimated cost per head, and in future, should the publication be continued, I should append to the recipes the market prices of all the ingredients and the addresses where they could be obtained at the price quoted.

It is evident that there is a wide field for enterprise and ingenuity if once the daily journalist treats the business of the household as seriously as he treats the business of the law courts or of county councils. The fact that this field has hitherto been practically unworked save by weekly papers is one of the reasons why the circulation of our dailies lags behind. Many an army has been ruined by defects of commissariat, and domestic economy is far more interesting and much more important to the average man and woman than the political and social economics which are wrangled over in the papers. Some day, I hope, we may arrive at such a pitch of intelligent interest in those things as to deem it worth while to telegraph the ingredients of a new sauce with as much particularity as the discovery of a bloody murder or the result of a steeplechase. But then I am naturally of a sanguine disposition. But Rome was not built in a day, and such a revolution is not going to be wrought this side of the twentieth century.



## ADVERTISING AS A FINE ART.

It is about time that advertisements were edited. Even the largest papers are feeling this, and for our pocket-paper it is indispensable. At present advertisement pages are put together anyhow. The advertiser pays his money and takes his choice as to what he puts in. He will sometimes in the plenitude of his authority transform a whole broadsheet into a staring and hideous poster in which the man who has purchased the space proclaims in the largest capitals what goods he has for sale. It seems to me that the interests, both of the advertiser and of the public, would be served if it were to be regarded as an axiom that advertising pages ought to be as interesting as those devoted to news. They should be kept distinct, there should be no mixing of the two; but advertisements should be readable. An uninteresting advertisement ought to be refused equally with an uninteresting piece of copy. Of course to newspapers at their wits' end to know how to fill their columns with advertisements, such an ideal may be impossible; but in a small and handy paper such as this, if an advertiser cannot make his advertisement interesting, he will have to leave it out. Here and there an advertiser has made an effort to make his advertisement readable, but often this movement has been rendered worse than useless by the insertion of such an advertisement in the news part of the paper. There are few things more objectionable than advertisements palmed off as if they were news. Every advertisement ought to be marked, and not mixed up with the news, but put where people will know where to find them. Of course some advertisements, which may be called directory advertisements, such as advertisements of theatres, or of situations vacant and wanted, and business addresses, are interesting in themselves; but displayed advertisements, occupying a great deal of space, and merely containing the name of the advertiser, or a block which has done duty for twenty years, ought to be regarded as henceforth impossible. This would involve, no doubt, an appeal from the advertiser to the journal to help him to convert his advertisement into interesting copy, and the journalist on his part may legitimately place both artist and descriptive writer at the service of the advertiser. The time is coming, and may not be far distant, when instead of repeating one and the same advertisement one hundred times until it is no more noticed than you notice the nose upon your face, every advertisement will change its form from day to day.

Our advertising system is singularly stereotyped and is the slave of routine and of use and wont. Advertising will take a new lease of life when advertisers can draw upon the brains of the staff of the paper in which they advertise as to how they can convert what is at present a dull monotonous proclamation of goods to sell into a bright, lively, and interesting narrative. Of course it may be impossible to change the advertisement every day; but between that and continuing the same stereotyped announcement year in and year out there is a very great deal which might be done. I feel disposed to rule that no advertisement shall appear in the same terms for more than six days.

In addition to having advertisements interesting they ought to be honest. I hope that *The Daily Paper* will never publish an advertisement which will be calculated to injure, to mislead, or to defraud the public. At present the ethics of newspaper proprietors in this respect are very rudimentary. It is tacitly accepted that you can advertise

what you please; as long as the money comes in it makes no difference. A rule that no financial advertisements should be inserted which invited the public to subscribe to what, in the opinion of our City Editor, was a bare-faced swindle would exclude a good number of advertisements. Of course with the most vigilant scrutiny now and then an advertisement will find its way into our columns which ought not to have appeared. In those cases if any reader should have reason to complain of having been defrauded by any advertisement appearing in these columns, he will be invited to send in a statement of his case, and if it is proved to be well founded, the advertisement will be immediately discontinued, and when it is found that the advertiser has rendered himself liable to prosecution by obtaining money on false pretences, or by rendering himself in any way amenable to law, *The Daily Paper* will undertake the cost of his prosecution. Of course it will be said this will limit the number of advertisements which may be accepted, but I have no wish to make my paper an advertising board for swindlers, and I hope that I shall have the co-operation of my readers in making it difficult for these gentry to obtain possession of their neighbours' money.

I will conclude this brief statement of the principles upon which the advertising columns of *The Daily Paper* will be conducted by stating that, with strict precautions, I think it is quite possible to make a most useful and interesting advertisement page by publishing matrimonial advertisements under strict supervision. That matrimonial advertising has been scandalously abused is no reason why it should not be placed upon a sounder footing. In all large towns there are multitudes of people who have very little opportunity of making the acquaintance of eligible partners. The newspaper is the usual medium by which human wants are made known. But this greatest of all human wants, that of finding a partner with whom to divide the burdens and share the joys of life, is practically tabooed in the columns of the press. We see it, more or less surreptitiously, under the agony column of the various newspapers, but I see no reason why *bonâ fide* matrimonial advertisements, if due references are exacted, should not be a very useful adjunct of a daily paper. At any rate I shall be disposed to make the experiment. I am quite sure that there would be few pages more interesting, and possibly few that would be more useful.

Of course these developments would involve an addition to the staff both of artists and interviewers whose regular professional duty it would be to interview advertisers and to illustrate the goods advertised. Of course some of the prudes of the profession will be shocked at such a development, but they can remain shocked. There is nothing which ought to offend them in providing a competent staff to enable customers to use your columns for purposes of publicity, and make their communications interesting instead of being, as at present, too often extremely dull. The one thing that is bad is the mixing of advertisements with the news, and that is carried on to a scandalous extent by some journalists whose position has not even the tyrant's plea of necessity. As a kind of sample of the way in which my plan could be carried out, without any pretension of doing it ideally well, I publish a series of advertisements in this number which have been written and illustrated expressly for the purpose of bringing out my idea.

## OF THINGS UNDONE AND THINGS TO BE DONE.

## To Our Readers

IN bringing out the first number of *The Daily Paper*, even although it is a sample number, many difficulties are encountered which will disappear when the paper is in regular working order. But it is exceptionally difficult to bring out a paper which has to go to press three weeks before it is issued to the public.

## SOME UNAVOIDABLE OMISSIONS.

That is the case with the present number, and that is the explanation why many of the regular features of a morning paper are omitted from the present number. For instance, no quotations are given as to the business done on the Stock Exchange, and no reports are published concerning the various athletic contests and healthy outdoor sports which would in ordinary course receive their due meed of attention. I could of course have published such reports, but as they would not have appeared until three weeks after date, they would simply have had the effect of loading our sample number with unreadable matter. As the first necessity for any paper is to be interesting, it would have been pedantic to insist upon making the number an exact facsimile of what it would have been had the paper been in regular running, for the simple reason that what would have been interesting and, indeed, indispensable, when served up the next morning, is quite unreadable when, as in the present instance, it is three weeks before it reaches the eye of the public. I publish the Summary because it is necessary to indicate roughly the way in which I would deal with the bulk of the news which is published at length in the ordinary papers. That Summary carefully done from day to day will constantly aim at condensing all the important news of the world into manageable space. For the same reason some pages which in ordinary course would have been devoted to the publication of the more important items of news at greater length, are in the present number devoted to special articles of more permanent interest.

## POETRY.

I regret also that I have not been able to secure the topical poem with which I had hoped to begin a series of poems of the day, which I think will be by no means the least attractive feature of the paper. I do not expect that we shall develop a Tennyson or a Browning, but there is an immense amount of versifying talent evaporating in the country, and if it could be utilised to give us modern ballads, dealing with the incidents of the day, heroic verse and topical poems, it would tend to lighten the pages of our prose.

The housewife's chapter is, in this number, devoted to cooking, but in turn dress and other topics of importance in the administration of the household will be dealt with by competent hands. A page for children will also be added, but on that point I prefer to keep my plans in reserve.

## PARLIAMENTARY.

Parliament fortunately is not sitting at present. When it is I will of course report its proceedings; not so much from the Gallery as from the Smoking-room and the Lobby. Business is really settled outside the House of Commons, and the full dress debates and public tiltings of Ministerialists and the Opposition may for the most part be left alone. I shall aim at presenting Parliament from day to day, as it is seen and heard, and this must be done from the inside, even if it is necessary to secure the return of a member who, after his duty to his constituents and to the country, will consider it his first duty to keep the readers of *The Daily Paper* on the inside track of all the business that is discussed at St. Stephen's.

## "ENQUIRE WITHIN" UP TO DATE.

Another feature of *The Daily Paper*, which of necessity cannot appear in the first number, is that of Correspondence, Notes and Queries, and Answers to Correspondents. These, however, will be merely the cream of the mass of inquiries which are sure to reach a paper that undertakes this branch of its duties in a serious spirit. The fundamental idea of the paper is, that all subscribers to *The Daily Paper* are members of a society of mutual help, grouped round the editorial sanctum, and that any member of that society has a right to regard himself entitled to a reasonable answer to any question on which he may want information. The true ideal of an editor is a man to whom you can apply for information upon anything at any time, and obtain an answer, either vocally or by letter.

## A HINT FROM NEW YORK—

A New York paper that was called the *Christian Union* established a department which was extremely useful to its readers and not unprofitable to the newspaper. Any subscriber who wished to go anywhere from anywhere had only to intimate his desire for information as to the route and expense to the tourist manager of the paper, in order to receive a plan of the route with the prospectuses, etc., of the railways, steamships, and hotels which he would need to use between the point of his departure and that of his arrival. I should try to do something of the same kind in *The Daily Paper*.

## AND FROM ROME.

The *Family Herald* "Answers to Correspondents," which Mr. Grant Allen and the late Mr. James Runciman conducted for years, has met a real want. My own experience of what has been jokingly called the Confessional Department of *THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS* shows how great is the need for opportunities of confidential advice. I should propose to develop the system of Answers to Correspondents a step further by attaching to the encyclopædic editor a list of Consultors—to borrow the Roman term—composed of the most trusted, level-headed, and experienced men and women in all departments of life. There would be no need to trouble them about the enormous majority of cases; but every now and then an important point would be raised, which could be referred to them, and their judgment would be given sometimes in the paper, but perhaps more frequently by letter.

## THE PAPER AS A COLLECTING BOX.

An excellent newspaper has pioneered the way in another direction. I refer to the *Christian*, whose weekly lists of acknowledgments of subscriptions for all manner of charities show that the newspaper, in addition to its many other functions, has an immense field before it in the shape of a collection-box. If a single weekly paper in London, without any display or advertisement, or without making any fuss about the matter, can collect from its readers for various religious and philanthropic objects from £15,000 to £20,000 a year, it is quite evident that what may be called the Collection Box Department of *The Daily Paper* ought not to be neglected.

Twice a week the size of *The Daily Paper* will be increased to sixty pages, for the purpose of making special provision for advertisements of situations wanted and vacant, together with other special features which from time to time may arise.

The other publications which would naturally grow out of *The Daily Paper* will be found advertised in our advertising columns.

## THE LATEST INVENTION IN SEWING MACHINES.

HAVING heard some rumour of a coming revolution in the manufacture of sewing machines, I called in at the office of Messrs. Wheeler and Wilson, of 21, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., as



anything which they do not know about sewing machines is not worth knowing. Their general manager (Mr. Powell) being absent in Chicago, I saw Mr. Imrie, and asked him what was the truth about the reported machine, and was there such a machine coming out?

"Yes," said he, "the sewing machine with which we are about to astonish the public is not solely for domestic purposes, but will be three machines in one, and is especially designed to help those who do work in their own homes, totally eclipsing our still famous No. 9, which is two machines in one. As I daresay you will know, it is very useful to a machinist to be able to do both chain and lock stitch work. To meet this demand, and to save the purchase of two machines, we invented our celebrated No. 9, which makes a perfect lockstitch, or by simply removing the bobbin and substituting the looper, it makes a perfect chainstitch. But the new machine will do more. Possessed of this machine, the operator can do dress-making, tailoring, mantle-making, join pieces of material edge to edge, do ornamental stitching, and *make buttonholes*, etc., etc. It is an impossibility for any one ever to be at loss with this machine."

"Of course, you are making a special feature of this machine at the Chicago Exhibition?"

"We have largely contributed to the Patent Office exhibits in the Government building at the World's Fair, having on show there a large number of models, but we are not exhibiting at the World's Fair. Our extensive show-rooms stand just outside the grounds. We declined to have our machines on view at the Exhibition, for the following reasons:—

"1. The space assigned to us in the Department of Manufactures for the exhibition of our family machines was inadequate, and badly located.

"2. In the inadequate space assigned to us in the Department of Machinery we were not permitted to make a practical exhibit of machines for the stitching of leather, but were required to exhibit such machines, if at all, in the Leather and Shoe Trades Building.

"3. Even if space were assigned to us in the Leather and Shoe Trades Building, all machines shown in operation were to be placed in line as part of another exhibit, for which we were to furnish expert operators, free of expense, but *not under our own direction*.

"We are quite independent of the World's Fair, and can hold our own with any machine anywhere. Look at our awards. We gained the *only* Grand Prize at the Great International Competition at Paris in 1878; the same in 1889, where the Cross of the Legion of Honour was conferred upon Nathaniel Wheeler, and from the earliest days of the sewing-machine industry the highest honours in the shape of Grand Prizes, Premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, Testimonials, have fallen thick and

fast upon our machines." So far back as 1873 the Imperial Order of Francis Joseph was conferred upon Nathaniel Wheeler at Vienna, to show how great was the appreciation of the Emperor of Austria with regard to the *par excellence* of our invention."

"What is the speciality that gives this exceptional position to your machines?"

"Our Rotary Motion. The common method of making a lockstitch is by means of a vibrating shuttle, where the shuttle plies backwards and forwards, having to cover a journey of eight or ten inches for every stitch. This method is mechanically wrong, causing waste of force, as the shuttle has to stop at each end of its journey of vibration. Our Rotary Motion also possesses a unique advantage, as a twist is given to the threads where they cross each other, forming a partial knot, and also giving elasticity and freeness to the work. This may seem a trifle, but it has a great effect in obtaining finish and perfection. Then as to speed. Our 'Flying' Machine is capable of doing 3,000 stitches per minute. This would practically be impossible with a shuttle motion."

"Was your machine rotary from the first?"

"Yes, from the very first; and we were first in the field. Although we were not the original inventors of the sewing machine, as two English patents were granted before ours, yet the Wheeler and Wilson sewing machine, invented by Allen B. Wilson in the year 1849, was the first practical machine invented and sold in America and England, the other previous English patents having been unheard of. Innumerable improvements have been made since then, but the original construction remains intact."

"What is your best machine?"

"For a family machine there is nothing to compare with our No. 9, it being superior to all others, in point of ease, rapidity, and precision of action, uniformity of tension, and perfection of stitch, and can be worked at once by the most veritable novice. But for light manufacturing purposes, and for those who will take the trouble to become experts, our No. 1 will give the best results. Our No. 1 is pre-eminently the machine for the manufacture of umbrellas, pinafores, and underclothing, etc., etc. In fact, it is the only machine for umbrellas. Unless there is a certain amount of elasticity in the seams of an umbrella, the strain is so great that they would split up immediately upon opening. There is no sewing machine in the market that possesses such capabilities in the hands of an expert operator as our No. 1."

"How do your machines affect woman's work?"

"Indirectly, we raise the toiler from drudgery. All our special machines open up new openings for skilled labour. Is not supervision superior to working? Here is our button-hole machine. This is capable of turning out six finished holes per minute, including cutting,

only requiring the attention of a skilled operator, to whom the machine is but a slave. Then we have machines capable of the most elaborate and beautiful art needlework, requiring skill, taste for colouring, and artistic ideas. Look at this mantle border; can you detect it from hand-work?"

"Indeed, this is quite lovely. But will it not do harm to hand-embroiderers?"

"Not necessarily so. These machines do it quicker and cheaper. Only those ladies who have time and talent to adorn their residences with the work of their own fair hands can afford such luxuries. Let the love of the beautiful spread, and a new industry will spring up for the adornment of the homes of England, giving constant employment to women of artistic taste. Then let us consider the heavier work. We have special tailoring and boot-making machines, having perfect tensions, automatic tension release, faultless lockstitch, and positive feed; all tending to lessen labour, and relieving the operator from unnecessary toil. The chief features of a good machine should be to lighten labour, save time, and unnecessary nervous friction, making the machine as much as possible a slave in the hands of a master. Here is our 'walking-foot' machine, which is specially designed for stitching together materials, one or other of which would drag more or less in any ordinary machine. Tear a piece of calico in twain on the slant, and it will be difficult, if not impossible, to rejoin that without being so many inches out at completion. That would not happen with this machine, and for binding mattresses and horse clothing, and for gaiter work, this machine has no equal. Then our 'trimming' machine stitches and trims the edge of material at same time. Our No. 12 'wheel-feed boot-closing' machine works with the utmost facility any kind of thread, cotton, silk, or linen, on all boots and shoes, slippers, leggings, gaiters, etc., etc., which cannot be said of any other machine. Then, returning to fancy work, look at our hem-stitching. Have you ever seen better samples than this edging?"

"No; but do you expect hem-stitching to come more in vogue in England?"

"Well, we hope so. This machine is specially designed for handkerchief hem-stitching and ornamental hemming of table-linen, bed-linen, ladies' under-wear, shirts, Garibaldi and skirts, etc., etc. British manufacturers are at the present moment favourably remarking upon the beautiful and much-admired stitching on shirts, collars and cuffs of American and Continental make, and we are expecting a move to be made in that direction."

"In what country do you sell most machines?"

"In America, although now we are making great headway in the United Kingdom. Besides our branch depôts, we have over 500 agencies scattered throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Our No. 1 machine is the favourite in India and the East generally, and, of course, our Continental awards enable us to command the market on the Continent. Our output is so great that every minute we manufacture a machine. That means an annual production of 525,600 machines. Forty-four years ago there was not a sewing-machine to be purchased. Is this not a conclusive reply as to what we have accomplished for women workers?"

Cordially congratulating Messrs. Wheeler and Wilson upon such a contribution to the practical solution of a vexed question, I took my leave.



THE WORK OF THE NEW "THREE IN ONE" MACHINE.

# “THE DAILY PAPER” PUBLICATIONS.

## “THE DAILY PAPER” CLASSICS.

*Threepence Weekly. A Popular Library.*

Published every Thursday, paper covers, crown quarto, uniform in size with THE DAILY PAPER. Each volume, consisting of ten to one hundred and fifty pages, illustrated, will be a reprint of one of the best books of the world. The following is a list of the first year's publications:—

1. The Bible.
2. Shakespeare's Tragedies.
3.        "      Comedies.
4.        "      Historical Plays and Poems.
5. Scott's Waverley.
- 6, 7. Dickens' Pickwick Papers.
8. The Arabian Nights.
9. Book of Common Prayer and Imitation of Christ
10. Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus.
11. Carlyle's Hero Worship.
12. Lowell's Poems.
- 13, 14, 15, 16. Plutarch's Lives.
17. Robinson Crusoe.
18. Gulliver's Travels.
19. Herodotus.
20. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.
21. Spenser's Fairie Queen.
22. Reade's It's Never Too Late to Mend.
23. Scott's Ivanhoe.
24. Carlyle's Past and Present.
- 25, 26. Macaulay's Essays.
27. Bacon's Essays.
28. Scott's Poems.
29. Homer.
30. Æsop's Fables.
31. Hugo's Les Misérables.
32. The Eddas.
33. Renard the Fox and Tyll Owlglass.
- 34, 35. Early English Romances.
36. Don Quixote.
37. Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter.
38. Lytton's Last Days of Pompeii.
39. Scott's The Heart of Midlothian.
40. Burns.
41. St. Augustine's Confessions.
42. Dickens's Oliver Twist.
43. Malory's Morte D'Arthur.
44. Wordsworth.
- 45, 46. Thackeray's Vanity Fair.
47. Mill's Subjection of Women.
48. Mark Twain's Travels.
49. Dante.
- 50, 51. Carlyle's French Revolution.
52. John Bright's Speeches.

The publication of these Classics has not as yet begun, and the order of publication will vary from time to time. A subscription of 13s. a year will secure fifty-two volumes of the best literature of the world.

## THE WEEKLY PAPER.

*Every Saturday 1d., or 1½d. with Supplement.*

This is the weekly edition of THE DAILY PAPER illustrated, and contains the cream of the articles published from day to day, with all the news of the week. *The Romance of the World* is published separately, price one halfpenny, but is sold with *The Weekly Paper* as a Supplement.

## THE ROMANCE OF THE WORLD.

*Every Saturday, price One Halfpenny.*

A weekly reprint of the serial of contemporary history appearing in THE DAILY PAPER. The story, with all the fascination of a romance, is constructed out of the living facts of contemporary life in such a way that no one who reads the story can fail to be *au courant* with the events of the world in which he lives. *The Romance of the World* is also published in monthly parts, price 3d. each. It is also sold in half-yearly volumes at half-a-crown each.

## THE SUNDAY PAPER.

*Price One Penny, with Supplement 1½d.*

*The Sunday Paper*, which is published every Thursday, is a journal for Sunday reading, modelled on the same lines as the DAILY PAPER. In addition to a survey of the affairs of the world from a religious standpoint, the contents of the *Sunday Paper* are arranged for reading in the family or in the Sunday School. While giving little or no denominational information as such, it chronicles all that is good in every religion without any regard as to sect. A heroic and saintly deed done by a Mohammedan missionary in the centre of Africa is chronicled as sympathetically as the Christian fervour of Bishop Patterson or the heroic death of Charles Mackay. The great scenes in Church history are told in the form of Special Correspondence, and the religious, philanthropic, and humanitarian movements of the day are embodied in an endless serial narrative, the Romance of the Kingdom. The supplement consists of a reprint of the Daily Reading which appears in THE DAILY PAPER.

## THE DAILY PAPER TRACT.

*Price One Halfpenny. Weekly, every Saturday.*

The saints and heroes of the week, with the prayers, lessons, and watchwords for each day reprinted from THE DAILY PAPER, entitled "Saints of the Day," and "In Place of Morning Service."

## DAILY PAPER EXTRAS.

*Price Threepence.*

Contain reprints of articles, interviews, &c., appearing in THE DAILY PAPER, together with reports of special commissions, &c., arising out of articles appearing in THE DAILY PAPER which require to be dealt with more thoroughly than is possible in the crowded columns of THE DAILY PAPER.

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## PEGAMOID, THE INDUSTRIAL EARTHQUAKE.

At the corner of King Street, Cheapside, stands a large building, the balconies of which are conspicuous for the display of the mystic word Pegamoid. It is Pegamoid, Pegamoid, Pegamoid "all over the shop." What is Pegamoid? Is the question which has been asked times without number, without a satisfactory answer being returned. The best way of solving the riddle was to go to headquarters. I entered the building and inquired what it meant. I was handed over to the tender mercies of Mr. Joseph J. Byers. To him I put the question, "What is Pegamoid?" A somewhat sorrowful smile flitted across Mr. Byers' face; it seemed to grieve him that there should be a mortal man in the city of London who was in such a state of heathen ignorance as to ask such a question.

"Pegamoid," said Mr. Byers—"why, do you not know what Pegamoid is? Pegamoid is an industrial earthquake."

Now I had met Mr. Byers before in connection with the Felster printing machine, which is to revolutionise the printing trade—with which, by the way, this sample paper has been printed. I was therefore not quite so surprised as I might have been. The man who is prepared to revolutionise journalism to-day is quite capable of producing an industrial earthquake to-morrow. But this dark saying only added to the mystery which surrounded the original puzzle. So I pressed Mr. Byers more closely.

"What industry will Pegamoid cause to quake?" I asked.

"Pretty nearly all out of doors," said Mr. Byers cheerfully, as if the laying on of an earthquake were as simple a matter as the chipping of an egg. "I can see the beginning of it, but the end no one can see. Pegamoid will revolutionise the paper trade, to begin with."

"But in the name of fortune, Mr. Byers, do be explicit and tell me what it all means!"

"No one can tell you what it all means," replied Mr. Byers. "I can only tell you what it is beginning to mean."

"Well, tell me that, at any rate."

Whereupon Mr. Byers pulled himself together and said, "You have seen those posters on the balconies?"

"Certainly," I replied; "that is why I am here."

"Well," said he, "those signs have been up for months, and they are as clean and as bright as when they were first put up. They are simply ordinary cotton which has been treated with Pegamoid. It is the invention of a Mr. Oliver, whose patent has been taken over by a syndicate composed of the Shaws of Wolverhampton, myself, and one or two gentlemen. Whatever is treated with Pegamoid becomes waterproof and will stand for years, whereas if it were not pegamoided it would rot in the first season. Pegamoid, in short," said Mr. Byers, "is a kind of cheap immortality, by which the most perishable substances are made as durable as brass. Why, Pegamoid is proof against white ants, and when you have got something which white ants will not eat, you may be pretty well certain that you have got a pretty sure thing. Look at that poster," continued Mr. Byers, pointing to Millais' well-known picture of "Bubbles," which Messrs. Pears have rendered the most familiar of all his works. "That is treated with Pegamoid and rendered rain-proof and imperishable. Any paper treated with Pegamoid becomes as hard as bone, and grows harder with time; hence for all valuable picture posters Pegamoid is indispensable, and the durability which it confers upon such bills may well be expected to produce such improvement in advertising, that our street hoardings before long will become veritable picture galleries."

"That is very pleasant," said I. "But I do not see much of the quake here."

"Oh, the earthquake will come soon enough when we come to the other uses of Pegamoid. Messrs. C. and J. G. Potter, of Darwen, through their London representative, Mr. John Woods—and a smart man is Mr. Woods—have been watching the development of this patent, and after subjecting it to the most severe tests imaginable, they have entered into a contract for the entire working in Great Britain of pegamoided paper. Messrs. Potter were not long in discovering that in pegamoided paper they had a paper which was simply unequalled for chromo printing. At present all papers for chromo printing have to be surfaced with China clay, an expensive and troublesome operation; but by pegamoiding the paper you obtain a paper with an admirable printing surface, which is also much more durable. Such paper will neither stretch nor lift; it is flexible; the colour is improved, and considerably less paper per ream can be used. It takes a third less ink, and there is much less waste. Such is the result of practical experiments undertaken by the leading lithographers of the kingdom, such as Messrs. Riddle and Couchman, Alfred Cook of Leeds, Tayler and Co. of Birmingham."

"Is it dear, Mr. Byers?"



MR. J. J. BYERS.

"Not at all. Pegamoided paper is almost as cheap as non-pegamoided paper. Now there is an earthquake for you. But that is only a small thing. Just imagine what it will be when Pegamoid is applied to papers. For wall papers and ceilings, it is the only absolutely sanitary and damp-proof paper in the world. It can also be impregnated with camphor to a sufficient extent to banish all vermin from its neighbourhood. It fixes for ever all pigment, so that it will be possible to use all those bright colours which would otherwise be most poisonous. No matter what pattern it may have, it can be washed down as if it were enamel."

"We are getting on," said I. "When you have revolutionised the wall paper trade, I begin to see the quake."

"We shall also pegamoid maps," said Mr. Byers cheerfully. "Messrs. Stanford are delighted with Pegamoid, which practically renders maps indestructible. For school maps and ships' charts Pegamoid is quite indispensable. But these are small things compared with the earthquake which Pegamoid will have in the waterproof trade. The indiarubber mackintosh as we know it now is doomed. Silk and muslin and linen can be pegamoided with ease without losing any of their original qualities, and as for the police and those who have to be out of doors in the rain, they will all be provided with light pegamoided waterproofs in the future."

"Do you consider waterproofs unhealthy, Mr. Byers?"

"Sir," said Mr. Byers, "long before I knew anything about Pegamoid I had patented a ventilator which renders waterproofs as healthy as any other article of apparel. Now," said Mr. Byers, "are you ready for another quake? for if you are, here it is!" So saying, he turned to a roll of stuff which looked like embossed leather. He said, "This roll of material which you see now is a simple Manchester cloth, coated with Pegamoid and embossed in the fashion of furniture-velvet. Allow me to say, as a fact, that no other leather-cloth in existence can be embossed—Pegamoid in this respect being unequalled. For chair-covers, table-covers, ladies' and gentlemen's bags, dispatch cases, and articles of fancy goods where leather is now employed, Pegamoid will prove an excellent substitute, seeing that it can be made in any shade of colour and embossed afterwards to any pattern. Now," said Mr. Byers, "I must show you what will perhaps make more stir than anything else. You see this collar?"

"Yes," said I. "It seems to be a very nice collar—luen, is it not?"

"No," said Mr. Byers, triumphantly. "A linen collar would have to be sent to the laundry and washed; this collar only needs to be sponged when it is soiled, and becomes as clean as when it was new. This is simply a cotton collar properly stitched and made up. It has, however, been pegamoided. The ordinary celluloid collar is hard and liable to crack, and is unmistakably celluloid. These collars are hardly to be distinguished from linen, and are soft, flexible, and easily cleaned."

"You will play the mischief with the laundry women," said I. "How many people do you consider you will throw out of work before you have finished?"

"Did I not tell you it was an earthquake," said Mr. Byers, somewhat gleefully; "and yet I have only begun to tell you some of the uses of Pegamoid. For all waterproof articles such as hospital sheeting, blankets, tent canvas, show canvas, driving-aprons, awnings, yacht sails, farmers' rick-covers, inside and outside window blinds, flags and bunting, this sun-proof and damp-proof material will show itself to have no equal."

"I wonder if you are not the wickedest man in London, Mr. Byers?"

"I hope not," said Mr. Byers; "in any case Messrs. Ramsden and Co. are our legal advisers, Messrs. Carpmal and Co. are our patent agents, and Mr. Alexander Gray our expert adviser. With such an array of talent I do not think we can go far wrong. But why do you say wicked?"

"Only because you seem to contemplate with such a light heart the industrial upset which your invention will make throughout the land. How many thousands will be thrown out of employment, what widespread misery and harassing anxiety it will occasion in many a toiler's home!"

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Byers. "I wonder what you would have said to George Stephenson? You would have thought that horses would have no show in England after Puffing Billy got under way. As a matter of fact every steam engine which is turned out of the workshop necessitates the employment of almost as many horses as it has horse-power. Civilisation will never get on if we are to look at things in that light. Labour will readjust itself, and to cheapen production is to increase the demand for commodities, which in the long run employs more labour. No doubt in the transition period there will be some hardship, but after a while we will shake down all right, you may depend. In paper and in cloth, besides many other things, Pegamoid is the latest word of civilisation. There are millions in it, solid millions, before this seam is worked out."

## THE MILK OF 30,000 COWS, AND WHAT IS DONE WITH IT.

Few people have any idea of the extent to which the business of providing portable milk has developed in the last few years. It is, however, true, that this very day thirty thousand cows will yield their milk twice in order to supply one of the companies which have sprung up since first an American genius discovered the method of preparing condensed milk. It is true that this is the largest of the firms engaged in the business; but the fact that a single company works up every day the milk of thirty thousand cows is a notable fact in social economics. When, therefore, a representative called at the office of *The Daily Paper*, we were very glad to take the opportunity of ascertaining from him facts and figures concerning the gigantic enterprise known as the Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Company, manufacturers of the famous "Milkmaid" brand.

"I suppose," said I, "that you own the cattle upon a thousand hills?"

"Then you are mistaken," said he, pleasantly, "we do not own a single cow, although we condense the milk of thirty thousand. It is not cows we deal in, but their milk. We do not own farms, we own factories. As the division of labour is the secret of progress, it would never do for us to go into cattle breeding and farming. We buy up the milk of a whole district; we do not manage the individual cows."

"How many factories have you?"

"Eight. In England three: at Aylesbury, at Chippenham, and at Milledwich, in Cheshire. In Switzerland two, at Cham on the Lake of Zug, and at Guin near Fribourg. In Bavaria, one near Lindau, which is virtually Switzerland; and in the United States we have two, so that altogether we have eight factories constantly going summer and winter, although, of course, our output is greater in summer than in winter."

"But if you do not control your cows, what security have you that your milk is wholesome, that the cows are properly fed, and that, in short, the milk is good enough for your purpose?"

"The best answer to these questions," said the representative of the makers of the "Milkmaid" brand, "is to give you the form of our contract. You will see that we make very rigorous provisions against the milk being below the standard. No farmer who supplies us with milk is allowed to feed his cows on ensilage, on turnips, on brewers' grains, or on cabbage, nor will we take any milk within sixty days of calving, or within six days after calving. Every farmer from whom we obtain milk is under the control of an inspector, who is constantly on his rounds. The result is that, wherever our factories are, they raise the whole standard of cleanliness in the neighbouring district."

"How do you buy the milk?"

"Always by weight. There are almost as many different standards of measurement as there are days in the week. We buy it by the 100 lbs. in England, and by the 100 kilos in Switzerland."

"But supposing they water it or skim it?"

"That they could not do without being detected. We do not analyse every farm's milk every day, but we are constantly taking samples, so that the milk from every farm is practically

analysed every week. The whole of the milk collected is sampled and analysed morning and evening. If there was any falling off in the standard we should soon detect it. We do not take milk at a greater distance than five miles from the factory, but we take almost the whole of the milk which is raised within that radius. The farmers sell to us by preference. We take their milk regularly and we take it all."

"Do you collect the milk yourselves?"

"In Switzerland, yes; in England, no. In this country the large farmers deliver the milk themselves; in Switzerland we go round and collect it. All the morning's milk must be condensed before the evening's milk comes in, and the evening milk before morning. There is no mixing of the two milks allowed, and in less than twelve hours after the milk has been drawn from the cow, it is condensed, cooled, and ready for tinning."

"What process does your milk pass through?"

"It is refrigerated as soon as it is drawn from the cow. On reaching the factory it is heated to boiling point, and the best crystallised refined sugar is added in the correct proportion. Then the milk is condensed at a low temperature in a vacuum-pan. After being reduced to the proper

against their own milk is such, that they willingly pay a halfpenny more for Swiss milk than for that which is produced in their own country."

"Is there any reasonable ground for this prejudice?"

"None whatever. The English 'Milkmaid' is quite as good as the Swiss, and the preparation is identical. The only difference is that we have to bring the Swiss milk over here, and we charge a halfpenny extra to cover the carriage. Outside England, however, there is no such prejudice. In South Africa and other Colonies, where we do a large business, they would not dream of paying an extra halfpenny for Swiss milk. It is a prejudice which survives from the time when our 'Milkmaid' Swiss milk was the only condensed milk on the European market. Now it is absolutely without any reasonable foundation. Some people imagine that Swiss condensed milk is prepared from goats' milk. This is not the case. It is safe to say that not a single quart of goats' milk has ever been condensed, either in Switzerland or elsewhere."

"What is the chief enemy of the condensed milk trade?"

"Cut-throat competition, carried on by people who sell as condensed milk a miserable decoction of skimmed milk and sugar. I think that the Press might well come to our help in this matter."

"In what way?" I inquired.

"By getting a brief Act of Parliament passed compelling the manufacturers who make condensed milk out of skimmed milk to label the same conspicuously."

"But cannot people be prosecuted now for doing so?"

"Prosecutions have taken place, but the law at present is uncertain. They take the precaution of printing in small type somewhere upon the tin the fact that before the milk was condensed 'a portion' of the cream was abstracted. This 'portion' is often more than 90 per cent. There is hardly a medical man of eminence in England who has not signed a memorial calling upon the President of the Local Government Board to introduce a Bill compelling the manufacturers of this skimmed milk abomination to label it conspicuously as skimmed milk. We have no objection in the world to fair competition, and we will put our milk upon the market anywhere without fear of rivals, but it is not fair to the public who, when they are buying this skimmed milk and sugar, imagine that they are getting genuine condensed milk. Genuine condensed milk such as ours is made of milk with not a particle of the cream removed. But in some of the skimmed milk compounds the value of the whole of the milk in a 1 lb. tin is not more than one halfpenny; such at least was the admission of one of the vendors who was prosecuted recently in Wales. This unfair competition spoils the market and brings condensed milk into disrepute, and in common honesty these gentry ought to be compelled to label their tins, not as condensed milk, but as skimmed milk condensed, then the public would know what it is buying."

"By the bye," I said, as my visitor was leaving the office, "you have not told me how long the Anglo-Swiss Milk Company has been carrying on business."

"It was established," he replied, "in 1866, and thus our 'Milkmaid' brand was the first to be introduced on the English market, where it still holds the place of honour."



FACTORY AT AYLESBURY OF THE ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK COMPANY.

consistency it is drawn off into cans, in which it is slowly cooled, the milk being stirred by a very simple but ingenious mechanical arrangement during the whole time of cooling. After it is thoroughly cooled it is tinned and ready for the market."

"What is the average daily output of your factories?"

"Altogether about 3000 cases, each containing 48 one-pound cans. There is one pound of condensed milk in every tin, and the tin itself weighs about 2½ ounces. Our total output is close upon 50 million one-pound tins per annum."

"At that rate," said I, "your tins must cost you a lot of money?"

"Rather," said my visitor. "We make our own tins, and by doing business on a large scale are able to produce the tins ready for the milk at a very low cost; but nevertheless it costs us £70,000 a-year for tins alone, and we use up every year some 4,000 tons of tin-plate."

"What is the price of your tin of condensed milk?"

"We sell the 'Milkmaid' Swiss at sixpence, the 'Milkmaid' English at fivepence halfpenny."

"Is the Swiss milk better than the English that you clap on a halfpenny more?"

"By no means. The English and Swiss milks, when condensed, are so nearly identical that the best expert in our establishment cannot tell the difference, excepting by the label: but the absurd prejudice which English people have

THE

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## CANCER: ITS INCREASE AND ITS CURE

An Interview with the Representative of Count Mattei.

DR. DUNN's article in the *New Review* on the increase of cancer is very uncomfortable reading. The substance of it is that the healthier England is, the more people die of cancer; nor does Dr. Dunn give any hint as to how this horrible increase of cancer is to be checked. As the regular faculty once more confesses its failure, a representative of *The Daily Paper* thought it well to look in at the Mattei Depôt, 18 Pall Mall East, and hear what the irregular practitioners had to say on the subject. I found Mr. Gliddon up to his eyes in business answering inquiries respecting the Mattei remedies and superintending the dispatch to all parts of the English-speaking world of the familiar little phials and of the liquids which are so much abused because they are said to have an electric action. The depôt in Pall Mall East is, it seems, the Count's headquarters for the whole of the English-speaking world. It is in its small way quite one of the nerve centres of the English-speaking race. Mr. Gliddon, Count Mattei's representative, entered nothing loath into a conversation on the subject of the increase of cancer.

"I do not often agree with Dr. Dunn," said Mr. Gliddon, "but so far as this question is concerned, I think he has rather understated the facts of the case than exaggerated them. Last year 20,000 persons died of cancer in this country; twenty-five years ago the number of cancer deaths was only 8000. The number of deaths from cancer has more than doubled in the last quarter of a century."

"And that increase is in excess of the increase of the population?"

"Yes. The deaths from cancer per million inhabitants in 1866 was 335; it is now close on 700. In 1866 the deaths from cancer were one to every 60 other deaths; in 1892 it was one death in 29."

"That sounds very awful."

"Yes, but even that is not the worst," said Mr. Gliddon. "The mortality among middle-aged women from cancer is simply appalling. Taking the Registrar General's statistics, one woman in every ten who dies between the ages of 45 and 65 will die of cancer. Women as a rule suffer much more from cancer than men, which does not seem to indicate that smoking is a very great producing cause. The proportion is about 7,000 males to 13,000 females."

"How is it that so little fuss is made about it?"

"Cancer is not a sensational disease," said Mr. Gliddon, shrugging his shoulders. "In the great epidemic of small-pox in 1871, 23,000 persons were cut off, and every one from one end of the land to the other recognised it as a national scourge, but last year the number of deaths from cancer was within a thousand or two of the number of small-pox deaths on that occasion, and no one can say that the suffering from cancer is less than that from small-pox, but inasmuch as it operates quietly and slowly people take little notice of it."

"But can nothing be done to check this increase?"

"We are doing our best," said Mr. Gliddon, "and although we have not succeeded in pro-

viding a remedy commensurate to the scourge we have at least the consolation of knowing that we have done more than any one else. Occasionally we succeed in curing a patient, but that is nothing when compared with the incalculable benefit which our remedies have brought in alleviating the pain of those who are condemned to die."

"But by the bye, what about your test cases? There seems to be a general impression that they were a dead failure?"

"Of course," said Mr. Gliddon, "when you have a numerous body of influential men all over the country who have the strongest personal interests to represent it as such. But as a matter of fact we have great reason to be satisfied with the result of that experiment. We had five patients, and we have succeeded in retarding the progress of the disease in every case, and instead of dying in terrible agony, four of the five are now living in comparative comfort. One of the patients, who died a few weeks ago, had had three attacks of influenza, and our experience both in America and here is that influenza is the most fatal ally of cancer. But even in that case the patient to the very last was almost free from pain. The other four are all going on fairly well, and in some cases the

and the Count believes that he can best secure the purity of the medicine, and therefore the efficacy of the remedies, by keeping it in his own hands, and placing it on the market at as low a rate as it can profitably be manufactured."

"That is all very well; but is he not making a great fortune, like Holloway and others?"

"Not from the business he does here certainly," said Mr. Gliddon. "I am very glad you mentioned the subject, because it enables me to remind you of the arrangement under which this depôt was opened. Count Mattei, before opening this place, entered into an arrangement to the effect that all the net profit arising from the operations of the depôt should be devoted to public purposes. At present, at the beginning of things, of course our expenditure has been considerable, and the profits cannot be said to be worth speaking of; but when the remedy has established itself more firmly, and people understand its efficacy, not only in cancer, but in innumerable other diseases, for which the Mattei remedies can do far more than they can in cases of cancer, there is a prospect, not of a Holloway fortune, but of a very substantial fund for the furtherance of public objects."

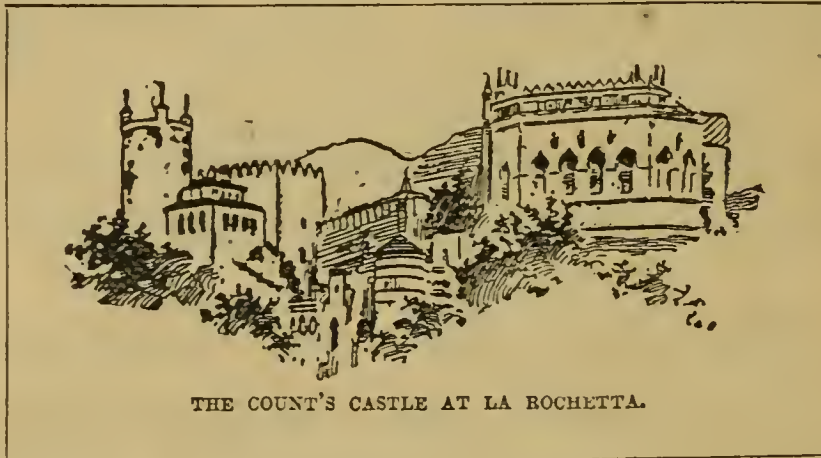
"An excellent idea, and when the time comes for the distribution of that fund, I think we shall be able to put in claims for a good many deserving objects."

"All right," replied Mr. Gliddon, and then hurried off to speak to a gentleman who had come to ask whether [it was true that stone could be dissolved by Count Mattei's Antiscrofolosi.

"Do you often have such inquiries?" I asked Mr. Gliddon, when he returned from attending to his visitor.

"Oh, yes," said he; "it is a great mistake to think that the Mattei remedies are only useful in cases of can-

cer. You would be surprised if I showed you the number of letters I have received from all parts of the country, including many from medical men, who have derived immense benefit from] them, especially in cases of indigestion; people call all day long with some such question as the man who just went away, and some of the cases in my daily bundle of letters would both interest and amuse you: they would show, at least, that the world has not had its faith in the Mattei remedies altogether destroyed by the decision arrived at by the committee who sat on the test cases. Personally I may say that it was the evidence of results that convinced me. When I first had my attention called to the Mattei remedies it was whilst I was writing a series of articles on the Faith Cure, and I was at first disposed to explain the results by what you would call psychic healing, but experience convinced me that this was wrong. Since then every day confirms and deepens my faith in the value of the remedies of these medicines. In fact, the more patients—and it really does not matter a bit what they are suffering from—you can send me the better I shall be pleased. 18, Pall Mall East is the address, mind."



THE COUNT'S CASTLE AT LA ROCHETTA.

results are surprising. One of the patients is so well that she thinks nothing of walking six or seven miles a day. I prefer, however, to say nothing more about that until the test is complete. This, however, I will say, that no other treatment of cancer has produced such good results on the patients as those which were produced on our test cases. Just think of it," said Mr. Gliddon: "20,000 persons will die this year of cancer. If they are left to be treated by the ordinary faculty they will die in slow torture, gradually rising to intense agony, which can only be alleviated by opiates, which bring on a counterfeit of the insensibility of death. Put these 20,000 cases under our treatment, and even if we did not cure one, there would not be many who would not receive relief in the cessation from pain and a general improvement of their health, which would check the progress of the disease, prolong their days, and increase their happiness. People may call Count Mattei what they please, but with the evidence before me, not only of these test cases, but also of innumerable other cases, I am obliged to confess that what he has done to lessen the misery of mankind entitles him to a high place among public benefactors."

"But why does the Count not give up his secret to the world?"

"That is a long story," said Mr. Gliddon. "Each of us must act according to his own lights,



# THE LIBERATOR RELIEF FUND.

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THE joyous spirit of Christmastide was driven from many a home last year: all through the land—from north to south, from east to west—mingling with the merry chimes of Yuletide bells went up the bitter cry of anguish from thousands whom man's inhumanity to man had caused to mourn. The most eloquent tongue could hardly tell, the most sympathetic nature scarce conceive, the dread results that followed the failure of the "Liberator" and its allied companies, with the aggregate loss of £7,000,000.

For the most part, the investors were of the humbler grades of Society: domestic servants, labourers, and mechanics had week in, week out, from year's end to year's end, toiled hard, and with infinite self-denial scraped together every penny that they might invest in the *Liberator* sufficient to provide them with a small income when the eve of their industrious and thrifty lives had come, and eyes become so dim, and natural forces so abated, that work should be no longer possible.

For hundreds of these the eve has come: an army of aged men and women, upon whose heads the snows of seventy to ninety years have fallen, have been brought face to face with starvation or the workhouse: many are infirm and bedridden, some have passed away since the failure, whilst others are tenants of the madhouse. Here and there among the victims we have met with every now and then some of a higher grade—clergymen and ministers of various denominations, schoolmasters, governesses, and retired tradespeople who also have been involved in the general ruin.

What they had done had the "Liberator Relief Fund" not been started would be difficult to imagine. 2,006 cases are recorded on the books—nearly 1,300 of whom are widows and lone women; 950 are over 60 years of age, and of these 427 range from 70 to over 90.

Since last Christmas about 1,600 of these people have been practically clothed and fed by the Fund: hundreds of homes have been saved and hundreds of old hearts cheered. The Committee is now making provision for the most aged and destitute of the victims, as fast as they can secure the means. £30,000 has been thus far subscribed, but at least another £70,000 is required to finish the work of the *Liberator* Relief Fund.

Let the following two letters, received at the office of the Fund, plead for the hundreds of others of a similar character.

### A POOR OLD MAN,

whose hand is evidently not accustomed to the use of a pen, writes:—

"DEAR SIR,—Benevolent friends cannot assist us any longer, not having the means to do so; therefore starvation, or the workhouse, is our doom if we don't get some relief. We are past work, considering our age (73 and 72): the thought of our position nearly drives us mad. It is awful, after a life-time of toil, honesty, sobriety, and economy, to come to want. I can't endure it much longer. Suicide would be preferable. I hope the blessed Lord will forgive me getting that in my mind. I'll still hope on. Perhaps relief will come shortly, with the help of the blessed Lord. I conclude with tears."

### A SCHOOLMISTRESS,

the sister of a late celebrated Divine, writes as follows:—

Every penny of my money was in the *Liberator*, £1,200. The interest paid my rent and taxes, and with the help of that I was able to get my living in a small private school. I am 55 years of age, and have worked as hard as any woman could since I was 17. I was straining every nerve to save a little more to pull up my income to £100 a year, that I might cease from my labours at 60 and live at rest and in peace to the end. I should then have taught for 43 years, with one enforced break at least, which was caused by the failure of my sight. I had then to give up work altogether for some time and keep my eyes covered. The oculist said they had been cruelly overstrained. As soon as possible I began to work again. Since this horrible failure I have felt like a beggar, and had to go from house to house to try for pupils. I do not know if it is possible to make my school pay as it is, and if not I have nowhere on earth to go! No home of any kind!! Unfortunately for me this trouble, with its constant sleepless nights of racking anxiety has so crushed me—some days are dragged through in agony—my future is dark enough, I know not in the least what will become of me. I can only sob out in the night (the only time I can allow myself the luxury of crying), "Oh God, I have worked so hard, and looked forward to my little home, with my books, so longingly, save me, oh save me from the workhouse!"

Christmas, with its time-honoured and cheery festivities, has come round again, bringing happiness in its train to tens of thousands of homes. Let those who have enough and to spare not turn a deaf ear to the cry of this great class of deserving people. Let them remember that charity, like mercy, is twice blessed, inasmuch as it "blesses him that gives and him that takes," and, by sending a cheque to the Honorary Secretary, do something towards the good work of alleviating the misery and cheering the last few years of the aged victims.

Cheques and P.O.'s. should be made payable to the Rev. J. STOCKWELL WATTS, and crossed City Bank.

OFFICES: 16, FARRINGTON STREET, E.C.

## HOW TO CURE DRUNKARDS: A CRUCIAL TEST.

Two or three months ago considerable amusement and an immense amount of discussion was raised by a letter in the *Daily Chronicle*, in which a demand was made for six first-class



BEFORE TREATMENT.

drunkards, in order that they might be subjected to treatment. The following is the description of the kind of drunkards wanted:—

"I do not want any of your middling kind of inebriates, who are only a mild nuisance to themselves, and a moderate disgrace to their families. I want some confirmed, hopeless, gin-sodden dipsomaniacs, if possible the sons or daughters of dipsomaniacs, in whose blood there is the hereditary taint of the alcohol crave, and who have spent their lives in a more or less chronic state of alcoholism. I want half a dozen of these supreme examples of the widely prevalent mania of alcoholism, in order to put to a crucial test a remarkable discovery which an acquaintance of mine claims to have made."

The publication of this appeal led to much correspondence, and the writer was inundated with letters from all parts of the kingdom. Professional men, philanthropists, together with representatives of all sorts and conditions of men and women, wrote offering subjects for the treatment. The letters were very sad reading, each making a pinhole, as it were, through which you gained a glimpse of the drunken section of the present day hell. After a great deal of consideration some half dozen cases were selected from those that were offered. A well-furnished house in a well-known London thoroughfare was hired. The drunkards were installed under careful supervision, while a competent medical man was retained in order to superintend the application of the remedy. After the patients had been in a week an inspection was held in order to see how they were progressing. The results so far were extraordinary. There were eight or nine patients in the house, about half women and half men. Only one or two were under thirty, the rest varying from thirty to fifty or sixty. They came from all parts of the country. The Church Army had supplied one of their worst cases, and she was kept

in company by the worst dipsomaniac on whom the Salvation Army could lay its hands. An incorrigible drunkard who had been a well-to-do tradesman was sent up from Cambridge Union, and a solicitor, who had drunk himself out of his profession into a state of helpless and abject inebriety, arrived in an advanced state of intoxication from a northern town. A couple of sisters who belonged to an inebriate family, and who drank as their parents had drunk before them, were two other patients, and the rest were equally promising. Two patients had been through different gold cures. Dr. Keeley, it will be remembered, only claims that by his cure he will make the patient lose the craving for drink, but does not claim to make him drink-proof. He restores the victim to a state of indifference to liquor, but he does not render him proof against temptation. Hence it was not surprising that one of his old patients applied for treatment. A patient who had gone through another gold cure was also among the number under treatment. I had a general parade of all the inmates, and interviewed them one after the other. Their stories were practically the same. When they came in they had been drinking more or less continuously for years, and the only flavour which life had left for them was the taste for alcohol. Some of them had struggled manfully against it, only to succumb again and again. There was a sad record of lost situations, of families broken up, of shattered lives. They were, indeed, human wrecks, but strange to say, instead of feeling miserable, they were as happy and cheerful a set of people as could be found anywhere. A new hope had entered into their lives, and for the first time for years they felt that they had bruised the serpent which had been stinging them for so long.

The specific with which they are treated is a very powerful tonic. It is administered every three hours, by day and by night, the patients being roused to receive it. Its effect was in almost all cases the same. During the first day there was an intense feeling of nausea and headache, followed by a shaking as of ague. During the first two days the patient often ruefully thought whether it was worth while being cured by a process which cost so much physical discomfort. After the second day, however, the headache and nausea disappeared, and with the headache disappeared also all craving for the drink. From that time forward they went on their way rejoicing, feeling that they had regained their appetite for food, but lost, to their infinite astonishment, the old craving which had driven them again and again to the bottle. Before they had been under treatment for a week they were allowed to go in and out freely. They were not accompanied by keepers, nor was any restraint put upon them as to what they should buy or what they should avoid buying.

There was nothing to hinder them going to the first public-house and getting themselves drunk. But without a single exception, although the cure was by no means complete, they did not abuse the liberty which was accorded them. One or two of them complained that they were annoyed by the smell of the drink as they passed the doors of the public-houses, and it was felt that in some streets they would be so inconvenienced that they would have to walk down the middle of the road so as to escape the same kind of nauseating feeling experienced by a confirmed vegetarian when suddenly introduced into a butcher's shop. I questioned them one by one very closely as to the effect of the medicine. They all said that they had got back their appetite for food and lost their appetite for drink. One man declared that merely to hear

the word beer almost turned him sick. One tall red-nosed patient of the younger men, who had had a tolerably bad record in the past, gave me a very vivid account of his own experience. He said that the first time he had gone out into the streets after he had begun the treatment he went past Parliament Houses and made his way over Westminster Bridge. He was smoking, and was more or less absent-minded. His limbs by the sheer force of habit landed him at the door of his favourite public-house close by the temperance depot facing Palace Yard. He opened the door and encountered full in his face a whiff of wind from the tap-room. Instead of exercising its usual effect and exciting his craving for drink, he was suddenly brought to a standstill by a feeling of intense loathing, followed by so acute and violent a nausea that he dropped his pipe, looked round, and then ran as fast as he could to the nearest convenience, which he fortunately reached just in time. All the narratives agreed in this, that the remedy first caused headache and nausea, and then created an absolute distaste for the drink, so much so that they felt they could not take a drop of alcohol in any shape or form. The treatment is still going on, and it would be absurd to dogmatise upon the results achieved by an incomplete experiment, but there is no doubt that so far the remedy has vindicated the confidence with which its discoverer spoke of it. When the experiment is complete a full report will no doubt be published.

One of the patients arrived in a state of *delirium tremens*, seeing snakes all round him in the cab which brought him to the door. Another was almost paralysed with morphia and alcohol. He had spent the two nights previous to his admission to the house on the Embankment, and was in such a state of filthiness that before anything could be done with him he had to be sent to a bath and rigged out in a new suit of clothes. Those who have charge of the conducting of the experiment, and the relations and friends of those under treatment, are delighted.

The treatment is extremely simple. The medicine needs to be taken every three hours for the first week, after which the doses can be reduced and are apt to cause headache if persisted in too long. If at any time after the cure is completed there should be not a desire to drink, but a return of the lassitude and depression of spirits which drives men to drink or other stimulants, a timely dose of the medicine will prevent that mischief. Of course the medicine has not a fair chance unless there is some one to see that it is administered regularly in proper doses. And it is also essential to success that the patient should entirely abstain from alcoholic beverages while under treatment. If this is done there seems to be no chance of failure.



AFTER TREATMENT.

Full information respecting the cost of treatment, which is, unfortunately, rather high, may be obtained from the Agent of the Drink Cure, 18, Pall Mall East.

# A BICYCLING TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

## Three Thousand Miles on a Humber Safety.

My boys have just returned from a bicycle tour on the Continent, which they took for the purpose of enjoying a holiday, of seeing foreign countries, and of familiarising themselves with



PACKED FOR STARTING.

French and German. There were two of them: the eldest nineteen, weighing 10 stone 7 lbs., the other, seventeen, weighing about 8 or 9 stone. They were mounted upon Humber's latest bicycle, fitted with Torrillou pneumatic tyres and Edwards' corrugated cover. The machines weighed about 33 lbs., and each of them carried some 20 lbs. of luggage. They left London by the Portsmouth road in the first week in May, and, after staying a few days cycling round Hayling Island, they started for the Continent, via Newhaven and Dieppe, on the 15th of May. Their route, which is shown on the accompanying sketch map, covered about 3,000 miles. There was no attempt at record-breaking or road-racing; they were travelling to see the country, and not merely to ride the bicycles, and they had such an excellent time that cycling on the Continent is likely to become more popular with English youths than heretofore.

A descriptive account of the tour will be published next spring in THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS, but this preliminary report will be read by all cyclists with interest. The weather of this phenomenal summer was exceptionally favourable, although a few days were uncomfortably warm. Entering France by Dieppe, where, thanks to the Cycling Touring Club ticket, they had no difficulty about the Customs, they struck south through Normandy and Brittany, and then turned to the east, riding over several of the famous battlefields of the last war. They made Orleans their headquarters for nearly a fortnight, visiting the scenes made famous by the heroism of Jeanne d'Arc and the battlefields of the Franco-German War. From Orleans they struck northwards to Paris, though the Forest of Fontainebleau. After staying some days in Paris, they turned north-eastward, passing through Rhelms, Sedan, and the battlefields which skirt the Franco-German frontier. They then struck southward, visiting Domremy and the other places associated with the youth of Jeanne d'Arc, who seems likely to become more and more the heroine of regenerated France.

Crossing the frontier and striking across Alsace to Strassburg, they left the French language behind them, and had a delightful week in the Black Forest, whence they entered Switzerland at Schaffhausen, and made their way by Zurich and Zug to Lucerne. After a week's rest there they again took the road and made almost a circuit of Switzerland, omitting the Engadine. They traversed the whole of the country between Geneva, Chur and Constaunz. Bicycling in Switzerland involves a good deal of walking. It took them for in-



IN RAINY WEATHER.

stance, a good steady climb of four hours to wheel their bicycles to the summit of the Furka Pass, after which they were compensated by the run down on the other side. They were able to ride half way over the Brunning Pass, but the Oberalp was too stiff for them. After they reached its summit they were able to run for thirty miles down hill. The tour was brought to a close at Lucerne on the 2nd of September. The bicycles had covered close upon three thousand miles since they left London.

The machines were in capital order, no part of the framework having shown any defect, and the machines themselves looked as good as new. The question of punctures and of burst tyres, which is the crucial difficulty with all pneumatics, caused them little trouble. The machine ridden by the lighter boy, weighted up to about ten stone, was punctured three times, and that ridden by the elder, weighted up to twelve stone, was punctured six times. In all cases the punctures were confined to the back wheel, the front wheel escaping scot free. In no case did the punctures delay them more than half-an-hour, as the repairs were easily and economically effected by the lads themselves. In one case a sharp piece of iron pierced the corrugated cover and penetrated the tube, but the cycle was ridden five miles after the iron had been extracted without inconvenience. The corrugated cover was an immense success, and attracted great attention wherever the cycles stopped. They were the first of the kind that had been seen in France, and they were very generally admired, not without cause, for they entirely prevent side-slipping, and they render riding in rain and mud as safe as in dry weather. The corrugations also increase the purchase of the brake. During the whole of the ride they found no difficulties and no inconveniences, with the exception of an occasionally troublesome dog, and the always detestable pavé by which French towns render their approaches almost impossible to cyclists. Lodging in the country inns was pleasant and cheap. Cyclists who may be in doubt as to where to go next year may safely be recommended to try a trip on the Continent. Further information, if desired, can be had on application to "Humber Cyclist," REVIEW OF REVIEWS Office, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Strand.



MAP OF THE TOUR.

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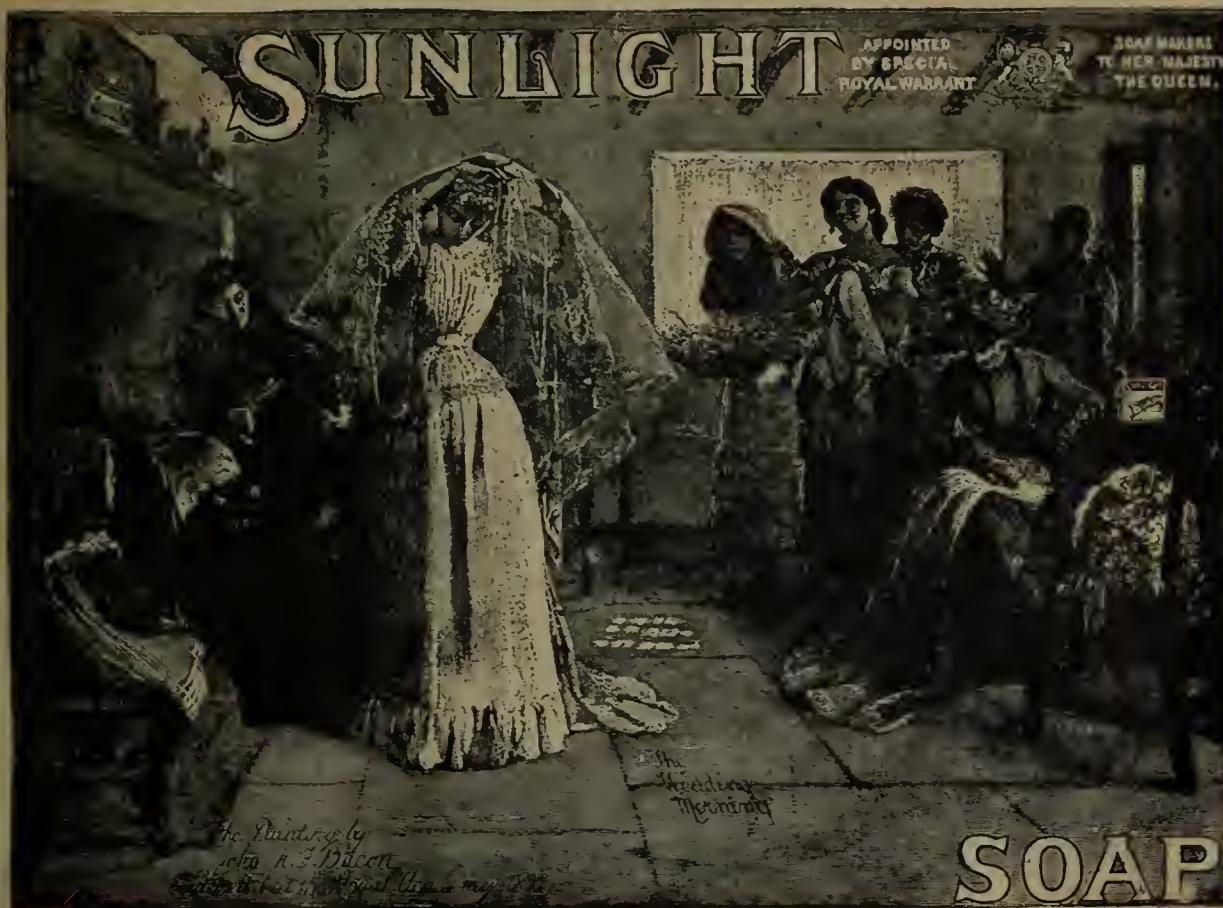
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Soap Makers  
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**THE WEDDING MORNING.**

What happy recollections the above Picture recalls to those who have helped a Bride with her toilet! Friends ask themselves, Has the Bride a thorough knowledge of all the duties of a household, especially of that ever-recurring worry, Washing Day and Spring Cleaning? Does she know what

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